





















# HUSTLER

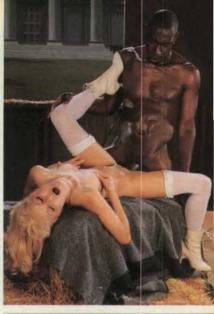
**DECEMBER 1997** 





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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Ladi Von Jansky



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

GQ magazine is like a so-called straight man who pays a transvestite to slip dick up his ass. The GQ man, despite being rough-ridden by ten inches of oozing man meat, refuses to accept himself as a homosexual. In denial, he points his finger and cries, "Faggot!" These queer twists of GQ have made it HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for December 1997.

The August 1997 GQ contains a section titled "The Porning of America." The lead "Porning" article is written by Lucy Kaylin, a simpering minge who, judging from her contributors photo, is straining to hold a quart of rank vinegar in her prunelike pussy.

Acid snatch Lucy moans that there is "nothing shameful anymore about visiting strip clubs." Clucking like a church biddie, she refers to a male model as "an unashamed penis exposer" and wags a judgmental finger at Demi Moore's "shameful roots" as a nude model.

Kaylin defines hard-core as wearing "Barbarella togs from Gianni Versace" and is contemptuous of "women of all shapes and ages slouching around quasinaked." Lucy recoils from the "gruesome smorgasbord of erotic options" available to responsible adults. She wishes porn would be contained in "circumscribed ghettoes," where addicts, when they "need a fix," would be provided "some small opportunity to reflect" on their sins.

This drivel would be at home in an archdiocese newsletter, but in a periodical for sophisticated males?



One queer fact about Lucy Kaylin is listed in her profile. She "is working on a book about nuns."

Why does a magazine for men assign an opinion piece about porn to a broad who's devoting an entire tome to women who never have sex? One obvious conclusion is that someone on *GQ*'s editorial board, possibly editor-in-chief Arthur Cooper, gave the job to Lucy in hopes that she might fuck him.

Another explanation for a magazine that bases its profit margin on sexual content publishing a condemnation of sexual content is that *GQ* is a confused, hypocritical, conflicted mess. *GQ*: Is it gay, or is it gueer?

Explains nun-fan Lucy Kaylin: "The trick has been to maintain a puritanical pose while secretly reveling in salaciousness." Kaylin thinks she is referring to tabloids that "profess shock and disgust" while exploiting the paying public's love of prurience. Do none of the elevated intellects at *GO* realize that Lucy's lament applies equally to the very magazine in which it appears?

August's GQ is sold largely on the allure of a come-on-my-face cover shot of actress Mira Sorvino that reduces the Oscar-winning, Harvard-educated woman to an object suitable for hog-tying. Pull quotes lure the reader with erotic titillation, the illustrations are borderline jack-off fodder, and every female model is presented as a sex doll good for boning and little else.

GO's sleaze predates August 1997. Deviant orgasm addicts in jism-encrusted hovels across America are still cranking their chafed penises to the May '97 cover photo of Italian screen star Maria Grazia Cucinotta. The dusky brunette stands seductively in panties and skimpy sweater, her thumb hooked in the waistband, tugging her underwear down. A tiny button holds her cardigan from popping open and spilling her caramel tits. The cover is hotter than any Playboy has run in five years.

According to GQ's value system, a woman who has appeared in Playboy has a porn past. Kaylin cringes that our "mainstream culture rewards rather than punishes those with smut in their past." Will she hate herself for appearing in the sex-soiled pages of GQ?

An uncredited GQ editor, perhaps editor-in-chief Arthur Cooper, whose contribution to "Porning of America" is a weasel memoir of his 16 months as a Penthouse editor, writes: "For years, filmmakers have relied on gratuitous T&A to liven up their movies."

For decades, Conde Nast publications, such as GQ, have used that same affirmative T&A to fluff up their limp rags.

"The Porning of America" is bad journalism, with bad logic and bad fact checking, but if running it won Arthur Cooper a piece of Lucy Kaylin's sour ass, then all is forgiven. To pull the dick from their own sphincters and cram it into Lucy's dry pooper, GQ's brain trust is entitled to be Assholes.

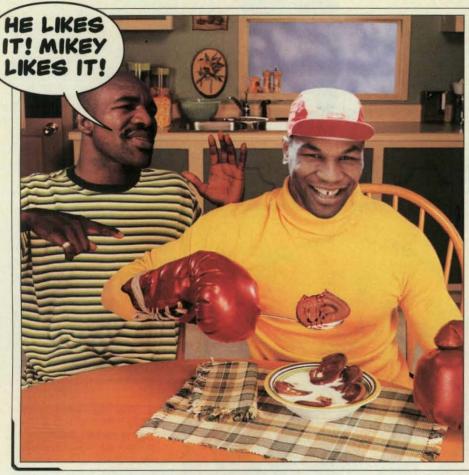
#### Farts in the Wind

Pamela LeBlanc: This 35-yearold Florida mother left her fivemonth-old son strapped in a car,
where temperatures were estimated to have reached 120°,
while she watched Beavis and
Butthead Do America in the
house. Almost two hours later,
Pamela's son, Michael, was left
severely brain damaged. Maybe
he can grow up to star in a

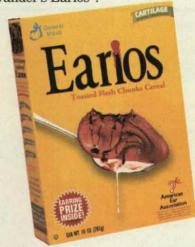
Beavis and Butthead movie of his own, with a guest appearance by his mother as the Asshole.

Autumn Jackson: Love child Autumn Jackson wants a daddy. She's facing as much as 12 years in prison and \$750,000 in fines from her attempt to force a \$40million gesture of paternal concern from television icon Bill Cosby, and still no father figure is in sight for her. If Autumn's sire had worn a condom, the world would be supporting one less Asshole today.

Renato Paoletti: We in the land of the free have a name for a foreigner who imports deaf-mute Mexicans into virtual slavery as subway beggars: We call him Asshole.

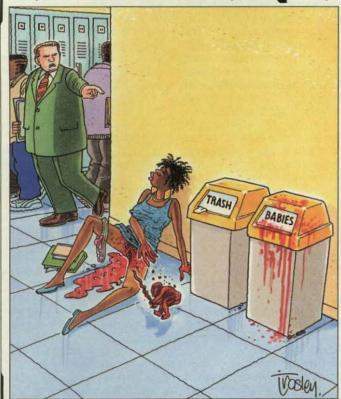


Little Mikey Tyson didn't like to eat breakfast. He spent each day sluggish, lost the heavyweight-championship title and could barely find enough energy to rape a groupie. Then Mikey helped himself to a meaty bite of Evander Holyfield's Earios®. A delicious cereal made of Holyfield Grain Oats, Earios put the fortified minerals and iron in Iron Mike. Hey, Mikey—leggo of Evander's Earios®!



Earios®. Part of a disgusting breakfast. EACH SERVING \$49.95 ON PAY-PER-VIEW.

## MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Hey! Don't throw that there! Place it in the proper receptacle!"





Peer inside Granny's sock drawer to answer a few gaping questions. The hole truth is out there—if you can put your finger on it.

Open wide and receive \$150, J. Siegfried. Send snapshots of classic cooze to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



IN ORDER TO FUCK HER THERE MUST BE CUM ON HER.

## FACE/BOFF

N SPILLAMS WHITEN BY SAM PECKERPAW HUMMER `97 RATED DP PROBLED BY MARTIN SCUMSLURP)

AD PARODY NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, THESE GOORS DO NOT BELONG TO ANYONE NAMED TRAVOL TA DRICAGE.

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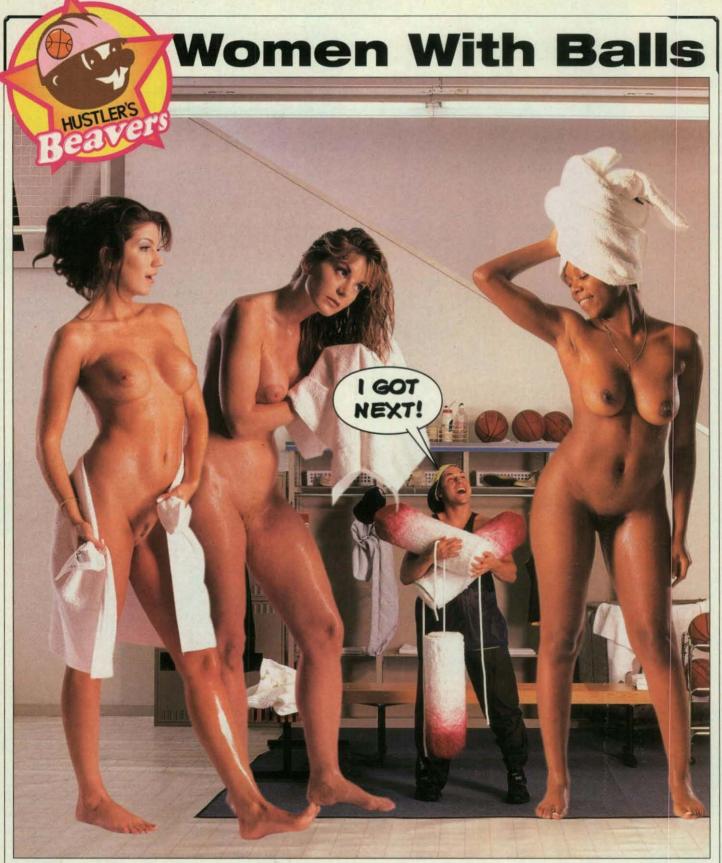
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PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. OUR MODELS ARE IN NO WAY AFFILIATED WITH THE WNBA AND ARE NOT 12 FEET TALL.





CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

Steinem, et al., get the proof for these lies? I've never read a report saying, "In a recent poll, nine out of ten convicted serial rapists claim HUSTLER as motivation." Have you? I think these aged hags are jealous of the women in HUSTLER. Look at those wrinkly bitches. No doubt, they're sick of men passing them over for beautiful, sexy women. This is the real reason why Bernstein and Steinem label HUSTLER readers as potential rapists and murderers. To Nina and Gloria, I say, eat shit and die a horrible, slow and painful death. And to the New York Times, I'll remember you when I run out of toilet paper. Long live HUSTLER!!! -A. G.

Tullahoma, Tennessee

#### **Red Rover, Red Rover**

I hear there is an issue of HUSTLER that contains photos of Linda Lovelace having sex with her dog. If this is true, please tell me how I can get a copy. -S. E. Jenkinsville, South Carolina

Perk up your ears, animal lovers. We just may sneak those very pictures of Fido giving Lovelace a bone into a future issue's Bits & Pieces feature, "Celebrity Ass From the Past.

#### The Jury on Jenna

I object to A. J.'s letter in your September issue ("Pussy Fart in the Wind," Feedback, September '97) claiming Jenna Jameson is a "stuck-up bitch." Let me share my experience with this sweet young girl. I entered a nude-dance contest at a bar in Reading, Pennsylvania, where Ms. Jameson was the featured dancer. She was warm, friendly and down-to-earth. In fact, she even told me I have a "rockin' body." I believe that if A. J. had stayed for Ms.

Jameson's show and took the time to meet her and treat her like a lady, he would retract his nomination of Jenna Jameson for "Asshole of the Month." -D. G.

York, Pennsylvania

I didn't like what A. J. said about Jenna Jameson. I think Jenna is a fine woman, and her breasts are not fake. —J. P. Brooklyn, New York

J. P., you and D. G. almost have us believing that Jenna Jameson is a wonder-



Dave and Rose: Pit Stop

ful, caring woman. Your notion that Jameson's gigantic silicone jugs are genuine, however, throws the whole claim into doubt.

#### Wet and Wild

I loved your photo layout of Dave and Rose in the latest issue (Dave and Rose: Pit Stop, October '97), but the roadside tinkle seems a little tame by HUSTLER standards. Why not splay those thighs and spray my eyes? Just a tip. Keep trying, and never piss into the wind.

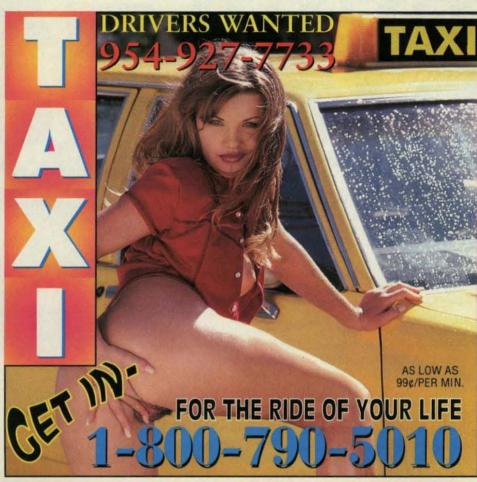
Bowie, Maryland

We're happy you liked the pictures and glad you weren't pissed. By the way, urine luck, M. H., because this month's Sex Play is all about watersports. See page 52.

#### A Beef With Buttman

How dare you praise John "Buttman" Stagliano's courage in light of his recent HIV status? What the fuck is wrong with you people? Are you telling the youth of America that it's okay to go get fucked in the ass by some HIV faggot without a condom? It's especially galling in this day and age, when information and education to protect oneself from this deadly killer is so readily available. I can't believe you applauded this fucking moron for being honest







## FEEDBACK

about his condition and then blasted Darnell "Boss Man" McGee for committing similar behavior (Bits & Pieces, September '97). I nominate Stagliano for "Asshole of the Year" and hope he endures a cruel and prolonged suffering. This moron belongs in the toilet with the rest of the shit. -C.G.

New Paltz, New York

While HUSTLER has always taken a hard-line editorial stance against receiving unprotected ass rammings from Brazilian transvestites, we believe Stagliano's decision to come forward and do his part against the spread of AIDS shows an admirable rectitude, whereas the "Boss Man," by knowingly transmitting his disease, showed just what a reprehensible asshole he was. Incidentally, we'll be sure to pass on your loving condolences to Buttman.

#### **Upset to the Max**

In rebuttal to the imbecilic review puked out by Richard Crenshaw for my new series opener, Maxed Out #1, in the September '97 Erotic Entertainment section: Because I figure out how to do something new-using a speculum to expose the inner beauty of a woman in ways never before seen-I get called deranged and told I have fans who pull wings off flies. Most fans and industry pundits alike consider Maxed Out a groundbreaking effort that's humorous, shocking and expertly crafted in a style that rivals MTV. Sorry, but if this rat turd of a writer finds my movies offensive, perhaps he should be reviewing for TV -M. S. Guide. Fucking idiot.

Altadena, California

M. S., you make the same mistake as John Stagliano-equating "something new" with something of quality. We find that you and the Buttman are both deranged. As for your "expertly crafted style in a manner that rivals MTV," is MTV really something to be proud of? On a brighter note, we fired Richard Crenshaw.

#### **Dutch Treat**

I have long been a fan of HUSTLER and consider you experts on everything from the sensual and sexy to the risque and offbeat. Therefore I immediately thought of you while looking for information about the trip I'm planning to Amsterdam in May of '98. I would like to know

about locations and names of the better sex clubs in that city. Does it really live up to its title of "sex capital of the -D. B.

Huntsville, Alabama

As experts on everything from the sensual and sexy to the risque and offbeat, we immediately thought of you last month, D. B, when we published Red Lights, Big City: Penetrating Amsterdam's Sleaze District in the November '97 issue.

#### **An Ohio Player**

I wanted to write you earlier, but I've been in shock ever since I opened your July issue to page 119 and first laid eyes on Landon from Dayton, Ohio. Oh, my God! This awesome woman has to be the best-looking piece of ass you've ever featured in Beaver Hunt. Please, please, please show me more of this Buckeye Beaver. -T. W.

Dayton, Ohio

Let us take this opportunity to mention that nominations for Beaver Hunt finalists are not accepted from relatives, boyfriends, fiances, husbands or slackjawed stalkers. However, details on how to vote for your favorite 1997 Beaver Hunt Finalist will appear next month in the Holiday Issue's Bits & Pieces.

#### Ay, Caramba!

In your September '97 Bits & Pieces, you guys say Jennifer Lopez is Mexican. She's not. She is Puerto Rican. Houston, Texas

Mea Culpa. Now wait, is that Latin or Latina? Please forgive us. Sometimes we get confused.

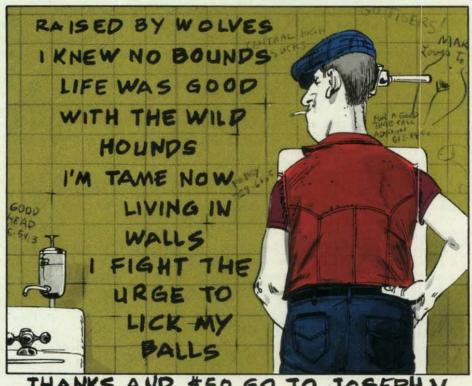
#### Paean to the Patriarch of Porn

Mr. Flynt, I think you are not only the most brave man in the country, but the most courageous man in the world. I . would also like to say, you are a hero and should be greatly praised for paving the path of pornography with gold.

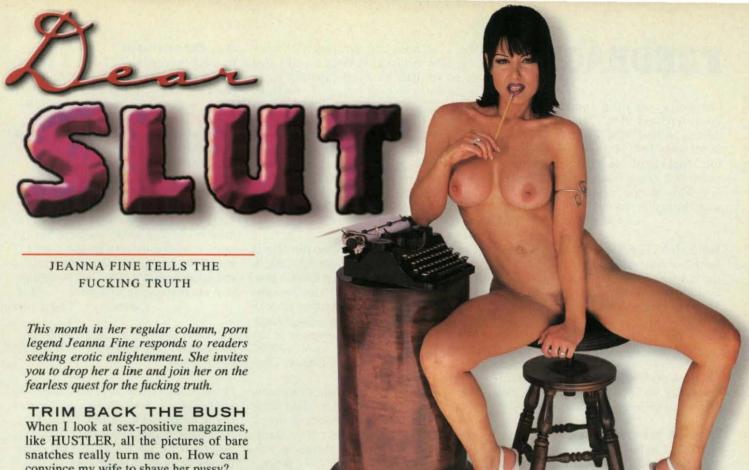
Cosmopolis, Washington

Mr. Flynt thanks you for the kind words and accepts your money for a HUSTLER subscription.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. E-mail correspondence to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



THANKS AND #50 GO TO JOSEPH V.



convince my wife to shave her pussy?

Sarasota, Florida

The best way to broach the subject is to mention it while you're eating her pussy. Say: "You have such a pretty pussy, I'd like to see more of it." Try to make this fun; turn the suggestion into sexplay.

If the Mrs. says yes, there are some things she can do to make the quiff quaffing go smoothly. A lot of women are afraid to shave their trim because they fear unsightly bumps and the possibility of irritation. The best way to avoid this is to shave in the shower, with hot water, a fresh razor and plenty of soap. Also, never shave against the grain.

You can spice up the pruning procedure by participating yourself. There's nothing worse for a woman than going down on a cock and getting a hair ball stuck in her throat. I advise shaving the scrotum and trimming the pubic area with scissors.

If you and your wife do this defoliation together, turning the experience into something sexy, the smooth-genital byplay will mean a lot more than just shaving for appearance's sake.

#### JUST THE RIGHT SIZE

I have an average-size dick. Is there any way to make it longer or wider? Do those penile pumps really work? Should I even be worrying about this at all? -D. N. Nashville, Tennessee

It's not so much the length of a cock that women worry about as it is the width or girth. That said, I don't think men should worry about how big their schlongs are as long as they eat great pussy.

I don't know anything about the pump, but there are surgeries now for extreme cases of penile underdevelopment. Those are drastic measures, and for the average guy, I don't think they're necessary.

I know it may sound corny, but the old saying is really true: It ain't the meat, it's the motion. And besides, there are plenty of other ways to satisfy a woman.

#### A SUSPICIOUS PRICK

I'm a 21-year-old woman and haven't had much experience with men-three, including my husband, and he all but refuses to do cunnilingus, yet insists on fellatio. How can I change this? -April via Internet

It's too bad you're already married, because any man who won't eat a woman's pussy is suspect. You know what they say: What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

Many times when men refuse to pleasure women before sex, they're just being selfish and lazy. Try suggesting a 69; that way, if he wants head, he's forced to eat your pussy. You might also ask your husband point-blank why he won't mow your box. If it's the smell or taste that bothers him, then maybe he doesn't like women, because there's nothing sweeter than the smell of a woman's pussy.

#### A NOVEL CONCEPT

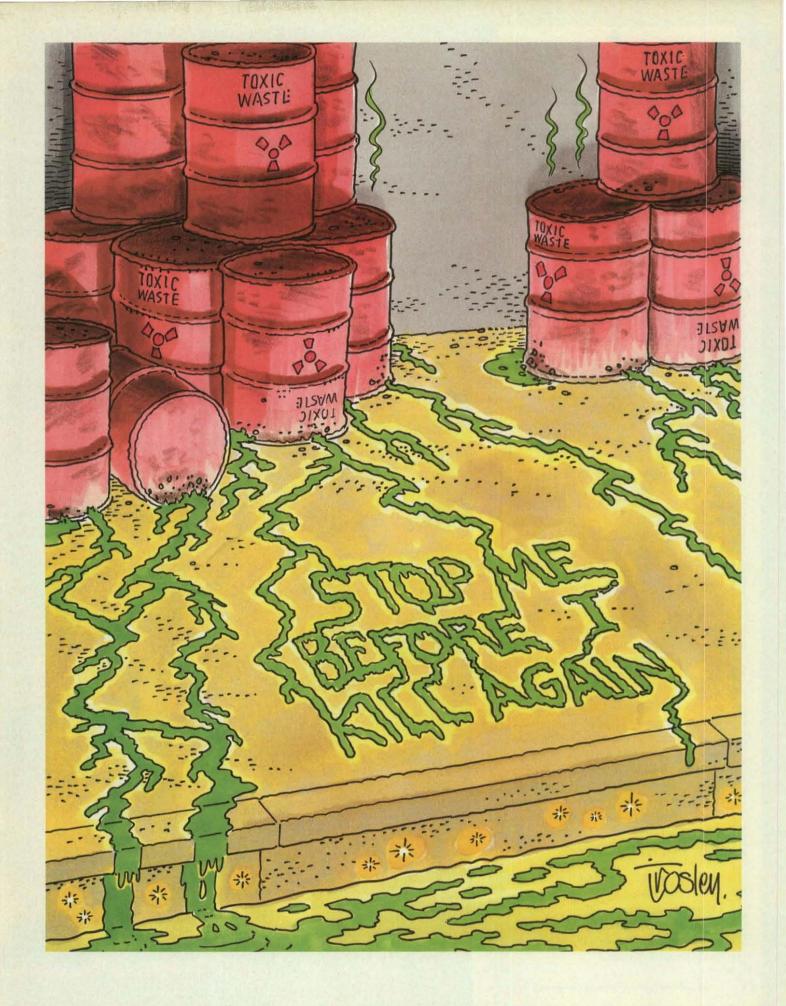
I'm really glad that you're now a part of HUSTLER. Anyway, I'm really bad at reading female sexual signals. How do I know when a woman wants to have sex? How can I initiate it? -P. C.

via Internet

The best way to know for certain if a woman is ready to rumble is to ask her. Certainly don't ask at the watercooler, and don't make your inquiry sound like you're bumming a cigarette, but if you're out to dinner with a woman, and she's giving you the signals, ask.

Tell her that you think she's beautiful and that you would like to get to know

(continued on page 29)





# MANDING P

## DAMNED IF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

In days past, the United States, like many cultures, held beliefs about the innate inferiority or superiority of particular races. Those beliefs led inevitably to the horrors of slavery, lynching and, ultimately, civil war.

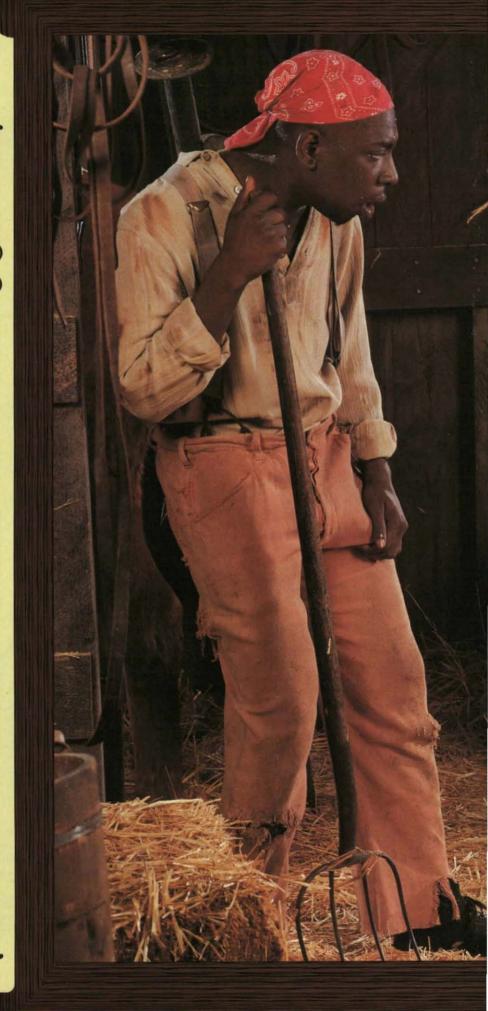
A double standard existed between white men and white women and their relationships with the enslaved. White slaveholders, such as Founding Father Thomas Jefferson, freely coupled with their female slaves, often siring many half-race offspring.

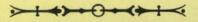
Acting out of fear that their wives and daughters would be swayed by the weighty animal sexuality of their African laborers, white men tried to shelter their women from any mention or thought of the black man's erotic power.

Curiosity and lust would occasionally overwhelm the social taboos, leading white women to attempt to seduce a young, black piece of property. The woman's dominant position made the carnal dalliance far less risky for her than for her slave stud. If she were caught in the act or impregnated, she could simply cry "rape." If the slave did not acquiesce to her demands, she could just as simply accuse him of attempted rape.

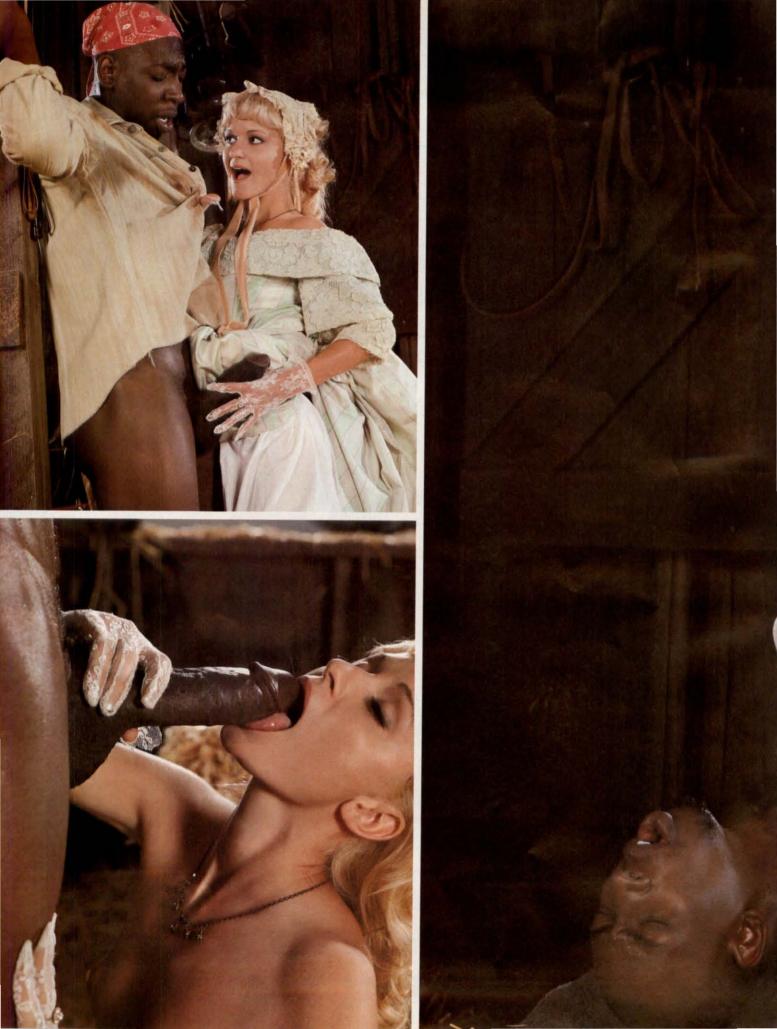
Owned by the Man and tempted by the Woman, Mandingo finds himself in a hopeless situation.

Many American slaves paid with their lives for succumbing to a mistress's forbidden acts of passion.

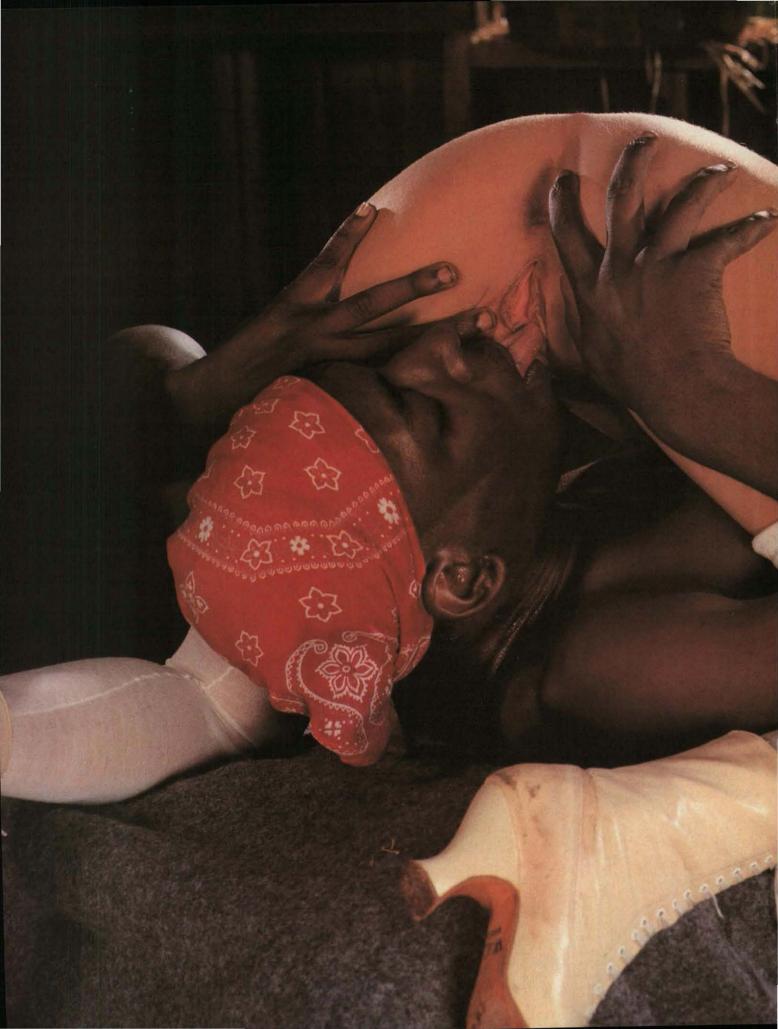


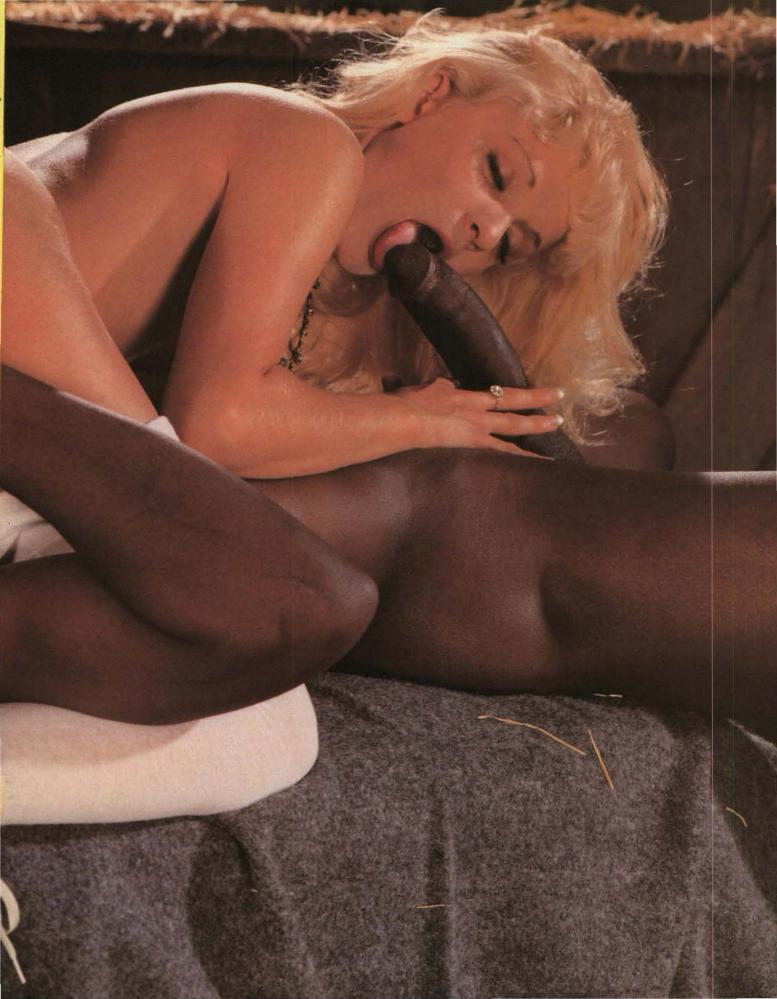


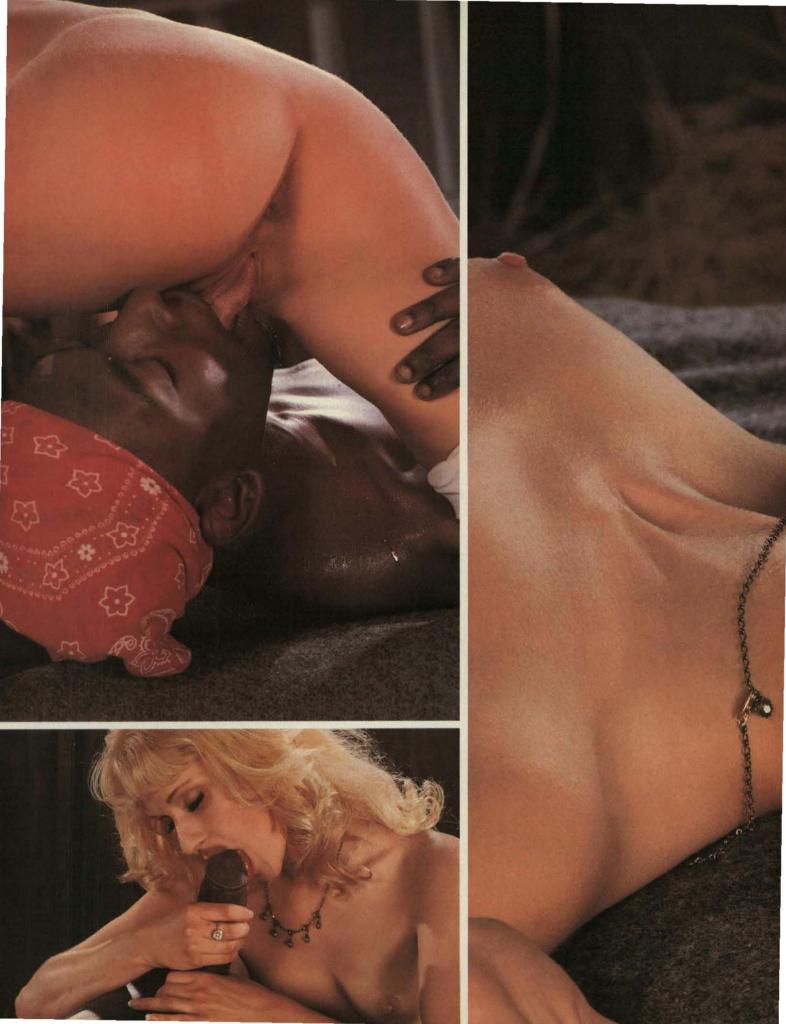








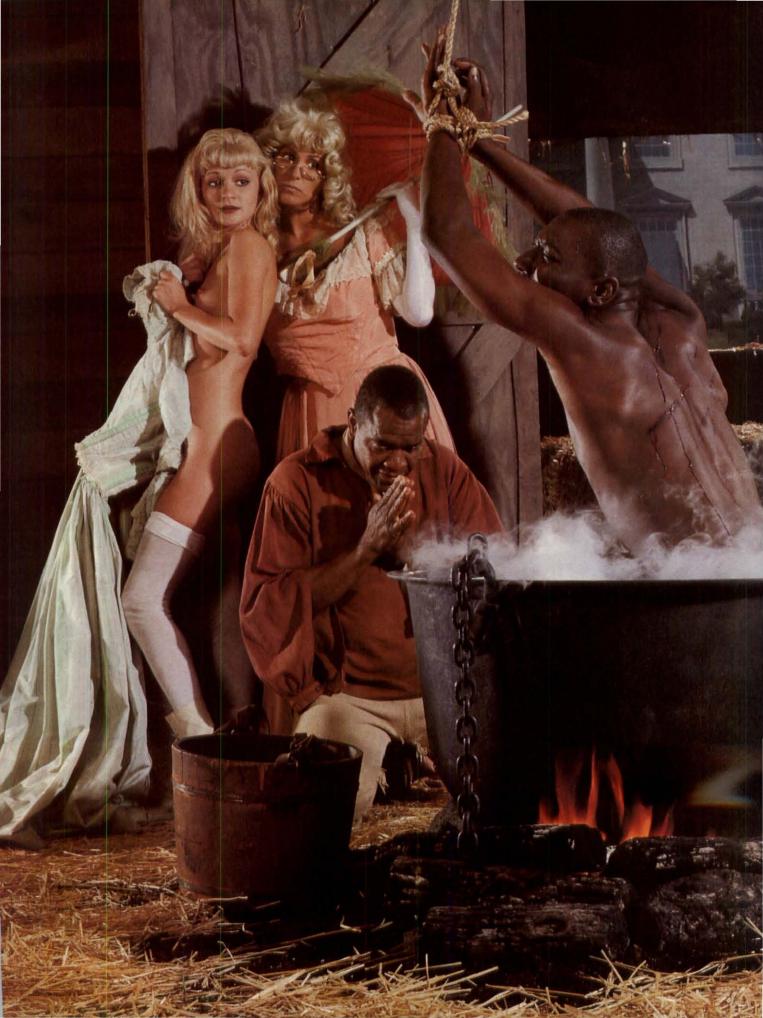


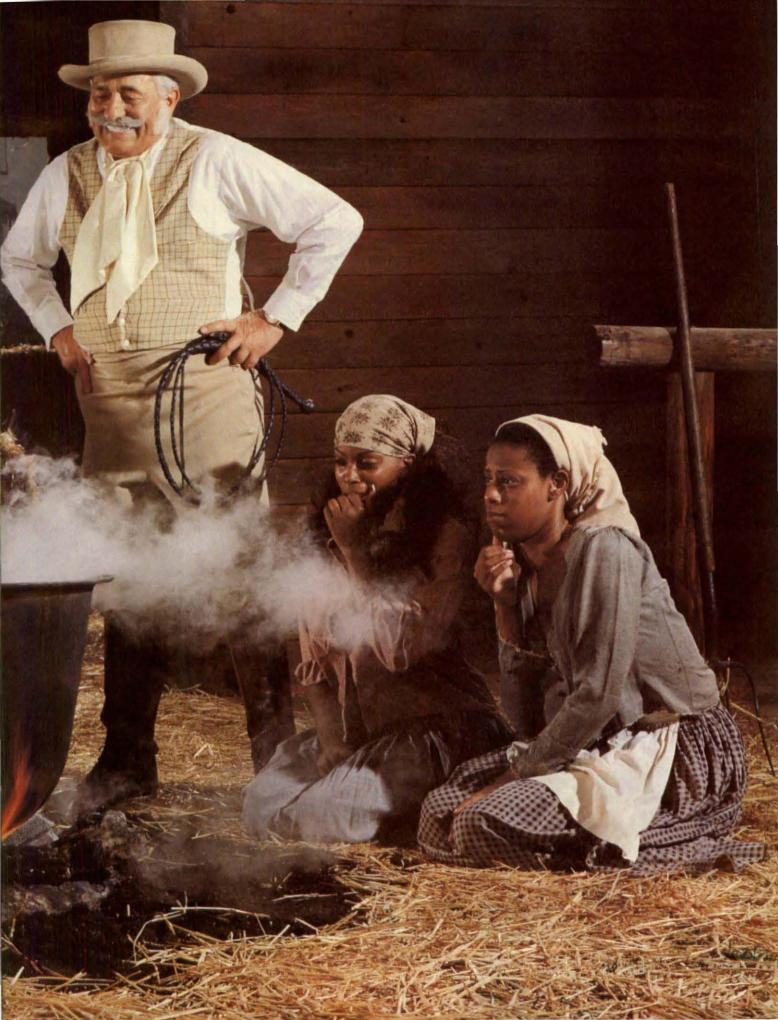














(continued from page 14)

#### Dear Slut See if this girl is only interested in how much cash you're doling out; offer her a hundred bucks for a blowjob and 300 to get laid. If she acts like a whore, treat her like one.

her better. Then ask her if she'd like to get intimate. Women today take the bulls by the horns themselves, but if you feel it's taking too long, don't be bashful. Make the first move.

Honesty is definitely the best policy. You will be surprised how wet most women get just from hearing the truth.

#### A WHORE IN GIRL'S CLOTHING

I've been out with this one girl a bunch of times, and it seems like I only get to bone her if I spend a lot of money. If I spend some money, I'll get a blowjob, but if we just go to the park or something, I'm left with a heinous case of blueballs. Is there some sort of chart I should refer to? -J. G.

Wolf Point, Montana

These are supposed to be normal dates, right? Because this girl sounds like a prostitute. If that's the case, then the dinner and the movies are unnecessary. Why waste your time, energy and hard-earned cash feeding a slut? If she's not a professional, dump her immediately; you shouldn't have to pay for sex if a girl's attracted to you.

So see if this girl is only interested in how much cash you're doling out; offer her a hundred bucks for a blowjob and 300 to get laid. If she acts like a whore, treat her like one.

#### STAR FUCKER

My wife wants to break into the porn business. She's superfine and all, but now she found a guy that is telling her she can make it big if she just follows his advice. What are the pitfalls of the business? -C. A.

Chillicothe, Missouri

First of all, who is this other guy? Unless you live in Los Angeles, any pornos you're making are highly suspect. Vivid, VCA, Wicked-these are the types of companies your wife wants to work for. If she's hot, then tell her to send in pictures, just some Polaroids in makeup and bra and panties, to the company of your choice.

Both of you need to realize that girls don't breeze into town automatically making oodles of dough. A lot of girls start out doing magazines first and then break into the video business.

But the biggest pitfall of the porn industry is basically forfeiting a chance at a normal life, especially with loved ones. Your wife will have to tell her family what she is doing, because they will find out. So if Mrs. A.'s relationship with her family is important to her, she needs to take into account how the news will affect them. Also, your marriage better be extremely stable, because there is always some jealousy.

For you, C. A., I'd worry most about this perv who's promising your wife a XXX career. Any guy who lives in Missouri is probably making home videos, looking for a free blowjob. And no girl should be compelled to suck a guy's dick to get into this business.

If, after understanding all this, your wife's still interested, take a picture and send it into Beaver Hunt.

#### TURNING PRO

I haven't been having much luck with women recently. A friend suggested I call an escort service from the newspaper. What do you think? -L. K.

Evanston, Illinois

Do you realize that, in most cases, when you say "escort service," you're actually talking about callgirls? If you understand that prostitution is illegal and are still interested, there are measures you can take to help safeguard against being set up or rolled once you meet your date.

Only take the amount of money agreed upon up front; leave any other money at home or in the hotel's safe. And always have your meeting at a hotel. Never bring an "escort" to your house.

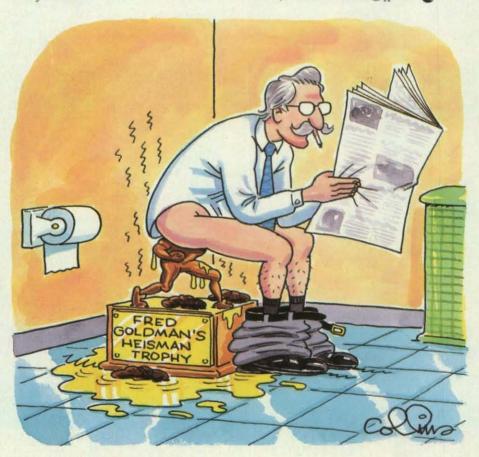
Although you should never talk about sex on the phone, you'll be able to tell a lot about a particular service by making that call.

Ultimately, finding pussy in newspapers or the Yellow Pages is a lot safer than heading out on the streets, but if you want to go the boulevard route, a lot of storefront massage parlors are good for masturbatory experiences. Some might offer blowjobs, but most start off as a straight massage and end with a good jack-off session.

As in any shady and illicit endeavor like this, you have to be careful-it's buyer beware. Use the head on your shoulders before you use the head on your dick. And always remember to practice safe sex.

EDHNA TIME

Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com





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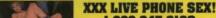
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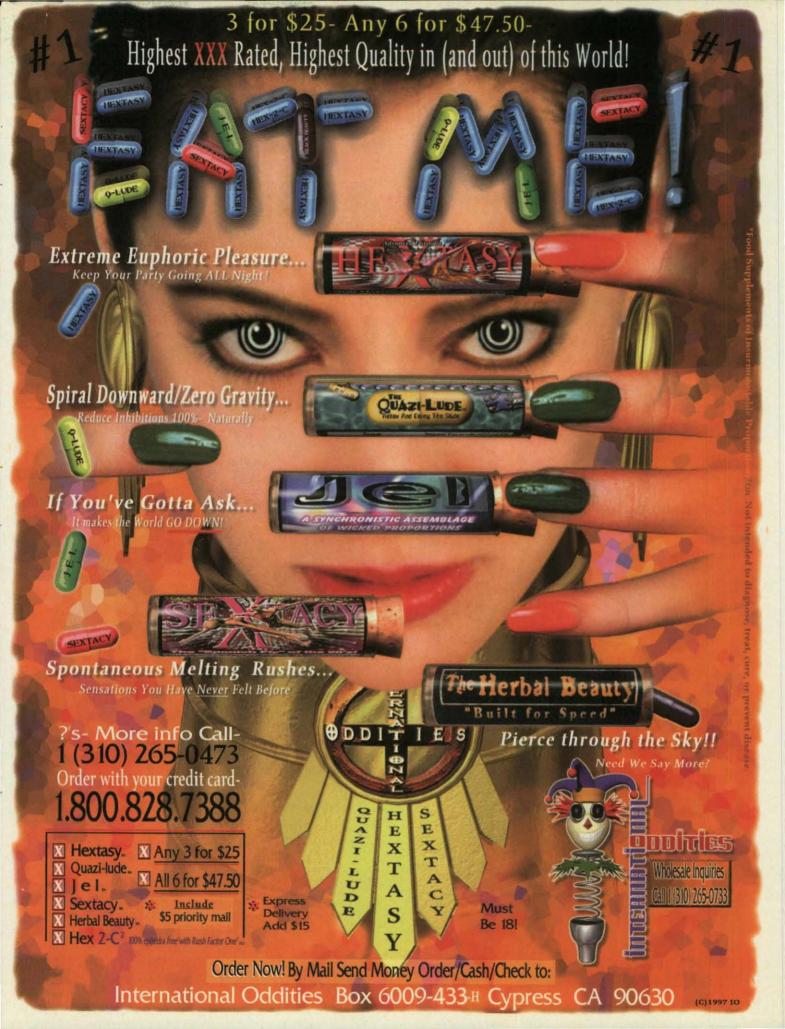
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#### GORGEOUS LABIA OF WRESTLING

Here's a special note for HUSTLER readers who love a great fuck (which is to say, all of you): Get yourself a female wrestler! If these chicks don't kick your ass when you make the pass, you're in for the schtupping of a lifetime.

I went to a local coliseum to check out a choke-hold chick who calls herself the Great Garloo. We're talking about a perfect specimen of womanhood: six feet of rippling, female flesh topped off with pert little boobies that jiggle beneath her sequined bikini top. Momma mia, this big bitch could whomp some butt. In the span of one round, she pinned three competitors and smashed a chair over the head of an audience member who whistled.

Some people might take assault and battery as signs of a standoffish attitude, but I was won over by Garloo's charms. I wormed my way into her locker room after the match, disguised as a towel boy.

Garloo had no qualms about tearing off her entire costume in front of me. She stood there, nude but for glistening beads of perspiration, and demanded, "Are you going to hand me that towel or just stand there with your tongue hanging out?"

My brain was far too overcome with hormonal frenzy to form a complete sentence. I stared at Garloo's cleanshaven pussy, dreaming of the creamy goodness within. If anything, my tongue hung out further. That turned out to be the best move of all.

"At least put that thing to use," she sighed, grabbing my tongue with a steely fist. "I took a piss on the way in here and didn't have time to wipe. Get to work!"

It hurt like hell to be yanked between Garloo's legs, but what a reward. I supped at her musky hole, swooning as the heady brew of urine and love juice flooded my taste buds. The Amazonian beauty had no problem letting me know what she likes; she roughly grabbed the back of my head and rubbed my entire face up and down the sluice. I felt like a human vibrator, which is not necessarily a bad thing to be.

She panted, "Stick a few fingers in there, you pathetic creep." Two digits gouged her love lips and two probed her tight asshole. Garloo bucked above me, every muscle in her rigid body straining as she enjoyed my service. The look on her face was not dissimilar to the one I make when I take a dump. However, Garloo's back door was swinging the other way.

Apparently, she was suitably lubed up, because Garloo tore off my pants without even bothering to ask. My raging bone popped out and wobbled before the mat mistress.

After surveying the entirety of my manhood, Garloo asked, "Is that it?"

"Well...that's my dick, yeah," I responded, confused as I climbed on top of her huge, naked bod. I sank the spear into her tight flower. Chills shot up my spine; the tingle of her womanhood engulfed me. Lost in ecstasy, I began to pump.

"Excuse me," Garloo barked, bringing me back to reality. "I mean, is your cock (continued on page 43)



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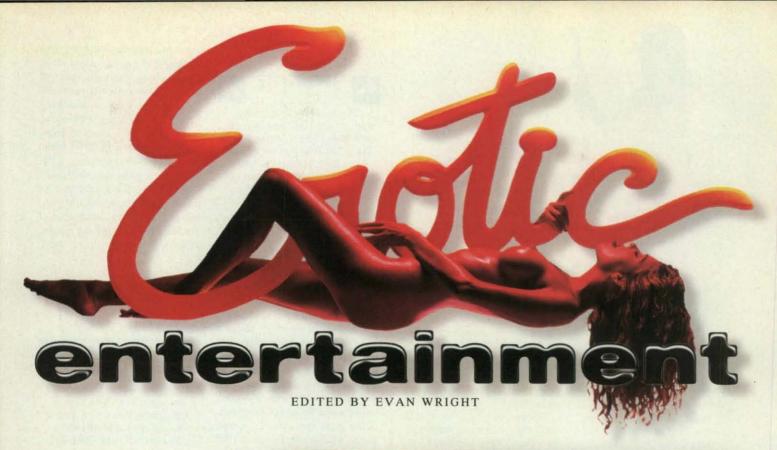
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## The Adventures of Peeping Tom 6

**FUL** 

FULLY ERECT

Directed by Tom Stone; starring Toni James, Liza Harper, Jordan McKnight, Sunnie, Michaela James, Xena, Maria Sanchez, Peter North, Randy West, Jake Steed, Vince Vouyer, Ian Stuart, Frank Towers and Oliver Sanchez. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

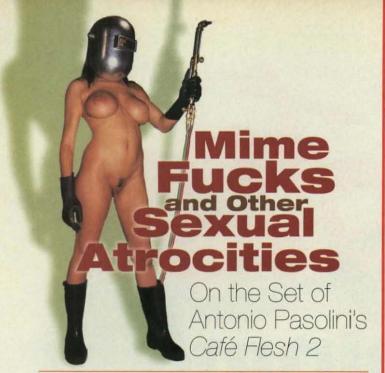
Sneak a peek at Toni James: Her honeybrown, teardrop buttocks are bouncing atop Peter North's pork truncheon like a Harlem Globetrotter's low dribble. Sweet, blond Toni smiles when Pete blows a seven-spurt fusillade on her face. Scurry to the next window and observe small-topped Liza Harper squeeze Randy West's flusher from her anus like a repeating flesh turd. Still whacking? Keep peeping: Two honkies prod fat, dark-berry bubble butts; a half-Asian honey bares a ripe pair of Fuji apples; and a devastatingly beautiful Spanish tart stuffs two prongs down low in a perfectly shot double penetration. Peeping Tom 6 is the most fun a voyeuristic wanker can have without risking arrest. -Richard Crenshaw



PEEPING TOM: Maria Sanchez, ball-licking slut.



PEEPING TOM: Hurricane James blows into North's pole.



The unnerving spectacle of two whitegloved mirnes jerking themselves off over the body of Rebecca Lord greeted visitors to a San Fernando Valley adultfilm studio one day this past June.

"One thing I dread above all others is when I have to fuck the mimes," complained Lord. One of the mimes flipped her over his shoulders; the other inserted his tube steak in Lord's sulking face.

The mime-fuck scene capped off the fifth day of shooting for VCA's big-budget sequel to Café Flesh, titled Café Flesh 2.

Café Flesh, released in 1982, became one of the few adult films in history to receive as much acclaim in college art cinemas as it did in adultbook store beat-off booths.

What made Café Flesh a critical and commercial success?

"Café Flesh was created, written and directed by a bunch of depraved junkies," explains Café Flesh 2 helmsman Antonio Pasolini.

Pasolini's sequel, billed as a "postnuclear fairy tale," promises to be equally deprayed.

During a break in filming, brought on by the need to clean out mime grease that was irritating the inner folds of Rebecca Lord's clam, Pasolini lists some of the more horrifying highlights of Café Flesh 2.

"We have two girls getting fried in electric chairs. We have Raylene dressed like a matador being fucked by a bull, played by Billy Glide. We have an anal honeymoon scene that takes place on a gynecological table. We have Jeanna Fine dressed like a go-go dancing Elvis."

"Where are the marching Germans?" a production assistant shouts. The mimes wordlessly resume the task of splattering Lord's face with spunk.

Pasolini boasts that he wrote the script to Café Flesh 2. The production, to be released by VCA later this year, promises to be of great interest to pornophiles and also to Antonio Pasolini's psychiatrist.



Lord and dreaded mimes.

Raylene serves up her slice.



## **Raw Footage**



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Directed by Wesley Emerson; starring Kelly O'Dell, Nico Treasures, Alexis Dane, Caressa Savage, Malitia, Missy, Cort Knee, Monique DeMoan, Krista Maze, Summer Cummings, Skye Blue, Tony Tedeschi, Michael J. Cox, Dave Hardman, Mike Horner, Alex Sanders, Vince Vouyer, Justin Myers, Frank Zee, Mickey G., Jon Dough, Justin Ninn, George Kaplan and Taliesin. Videocassette: VCA.

In Raw Footage, monstrosities of unfunny dialogue flow from porn-actor lips like a flood of raw sewage from a broken main. The laboriously developed plot is a story-within-a-story about a lunatic screenwriter's attempt to make a futuristic XXX drama. Promising glimpses are shown of a bright future that abounds with plastic-boobed bimbos who dress vaguely like Nazis and boast imitation grins and legs that spread easy. The scene in which the titanic-titted sex deviants Skye Blue and Summer Cummings sodomize each other with a dildo speared on the tip of a police baton like a hotdog is inspired. Unfortunately, lively fuck scenes are put to death by the unrelentingly dumb inside jokes about other XXX directors. Raw Footage is rotten.

-Mack Assarian

## Shane's World 7



HALF



Directed by Shane; starring Shane, Yvonne, Randi Rage, Maya, Morgan Fairlane, T. T. Boy, Billy Glide, Alec Metro and Oscar. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

Ever wish you could jack off on the faces of the peppy bitches who populate MTV's teen-life shows? Shane's World is like an X-rated parody of MTV's Road Rules. Shane is a good-natured, all-American slut on her way to a resort with her glittery-eyed, cocksucking girlfriends. One of them is Maya, a wiggly ginch with a cutiepie cholla face and a pink pussy that looks like it smells good. Maya is wet and slippery from a shower when she and gal pal Randi Rage-with a black Joey Ramone hairdo-allow two hungry bone men to snack on their buttholes. The chicks hump on all fours, yelping like pups, then roll over to have their tits rewarded with squirts of jizz. Drinking games follow, along with snow-boarding and wad blasts to faces, boobs and other tight places found on the cast of squirming, half-stoned party girls. Shane's World 7 is not the excellent adventure of previous offerings, but it's good enough to keep the dream alive of one day sodomizing a chipper, yappy MTV cunt. —M.A.

### Creme de la Face #18



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Rodney Moore; starring Delphine, Sunny Day, Lynn, Ann Young, Nadia Nyce, Chrissy, Dawn Devine, Nina Asston, Megan, Wolf Savage and Rodney Moore. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

Rodney Moore has a lot of cum in his ball sack. He could probably stucco a living-room ceiling in one blast, but in Creme de la Face he unloads on the freshfucked faces of amateur hump bunnies. Moore's style is to lens the action from a tight, you-arein-her-butthole perspective that captures every sick detail: nipples pinched and stretched like pink rubber bands, crimson welts blossoming on spanked ass cheeks and globs of mayonnaise sliming down the little cunts' faces. Three scenes focus on the special glow that comes into girls' eyes when barbaric acts of sodomy are committed against their sphincters. Lynn, an Oriental doll with a tattooed doodle, is made to crawl on the floor and lap spunk from a mirror. Choice blonde Ann Young reveals one of the pointiest sets of miniature creamers ever reviewed in a XXX tape, and Nina Asston, an untamed brunette with tufts sprouting from her armpits, strangles Moore's one-eyed snake in her death-grip clam until its gooey white guts explode on her devouring lips. Creme de la Face delivers squack as live and real as it can be without causing stink finger.

## Jen Teal **Loves Rocco**



HALF ERECT



Directed by Toni English; starring Jen Teal, Christi Lake, Jeanna Fine, Davia Ardell, Sahara Sands, Gina Share, Rocco Siffredi, Derk Johnson, Mark Davis, Jay Ashley, Marino Pinafirina, Bobby Vitale, Michael J. Cox, George Kaplan and Dic Tracy. Videocassette: Vivid.

Who cares whom Jen Teal loves, as long as she continues to provide the physical emanation of her loving onscreen for porn-fan pleasure? Soft and squishy, Teal's handful-size breasts are a rippling, pulsating denouncement of cosmetic surgery. One glance at her fat ass will blood a wiener to full rigidity. Her pillow-lipped smacker begs for cream. Teal loves three times in this otherwise-tame vehicle, her lush fucks sandwiched around a regrettable Christi Lake gang-bang and a fleeting but esophagus-deep prong throating by Jeanna Fine. Jen Loves Rocco; wankers love their nuts.

## Mindfuck



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by John T. Bone; starring Angel Hart, Kay London, Candy Vegas, Melissa Massingale, Alexxx Knight, Rod Fontana, Rick Masters, John West, Dave Hardman and Steve Hatcher. Videocassette: Metro.

Never satisfied with the simple goal of blowing spanker wad, nutter lensman John T. Bone shoots for heady, bizarro-world sleaze fantasias that blow minds. Inevitably, Bone fails at both. A-level talent rightly scoffs at Bone's doublevaginal-packed scripts calling for alien autopsies and dungeon-fetish boilerplate. Consequently, Mindfuck stars a handful of admirably patient and hard-humping hookers whose well-fucked vaginas dilate to the approximate size of airport wind socks. Bone's no-budget special effects are bad Ed Wood; the most intriguing visual is the labia of an extremely mature brunette, whose flappy outer lips are strikingly reminiscent of Evander Holyfield's gnawed ear. Mindfuck dulls the senses. -R.C.



RAW FOOTAGE: Lip service from Nico Treasures.





JEN LOVES ROCCO: Pulling a train on Lake.



SHANE'S WORLD: T. T. Boy roughhouses Yvonne.



CREME DE LA FACE: Nina Asston, with an asshole fucking her asshole.



On the weekend of June 26 to 28, thousands of perverts invaded Hollywood, California, to attend the first ever Erotic L.A. convention.

The interior of the once-grand Hollywood Palladium ballroom became a vast flea market of sleaze. More than 100 adult-industry vendors set up displays for one of the widest selections of raunch videos, neon butt plugs and rubber vaginas available in all of Christendom.

Hordes of gullible mooks, fleeced out of 15 bucks to enter and five per beer at the cash bar, stood in huge lines with the patience of slaughterhouse cattle in order to receive signed glossies from their favorite porn floozies. Many snapped photos, and a few exhibited extreme deviant behavior that was unacceptable even among this crowd of sexual anarchists. Naturally, fluffy blonde Tabitha Stevens was stalked for hours by a grim mouth breather intent on photographing her toes.

In an attempt to drum up publicity for its remake of the filth classic *Deep Throat*, Arrow Video staged a contest that one of its backers promised would "make an ape blush." More than a dozen half-naked vixens took to the stage and demonstrated deep-throat techniques on bananas.

None of the apes in attendance blushed, but they cheered and raised their cameras at the row of scantily clad, painted and coiffed ladies choking on bananas.

Live whippings at the multitude of S&M booths lent the occasion the festive air of a medieval torture carnival.

"It's cool to get paid for having fun," enthused a 20-year-old skin star after being unchained from a whip-seller's booth. Her ass cheeks had been lashed raw and bloody.

Despite stringent laws forbidding public lewdness, determined trollops conducted an impromptu seminar in lesbian-cunnilingus techniques. While security guards were distracted by a lactating Latina gleefully squirting the crowd with mama's milk, a bevy of giggling cunt lickers stole into a closed room, peeled aside latex crotch panels and performed tongue gymnastics on one another's nibs, gratifying the lucky slobs who followed them.



Jacklyn Lick and a lucky banana.

Holly Bear makes friends with Leanna Hart's tongue.



#### The Heist



HALF

Directed by Toni English; starring Julia Ann, Crystal Breeze, Jill Kelly, Missy, Ariel Daye, Gina Share, Tony Tedeschi, Bobby Vitale, Vince Vouyer, Michael Knight and George Kaplan. Videocassette: Wave.

The mook seduced by balloonhootered Vivid queen Julia Ann is a sucker. While he works his bone into blondie's oozing, pink clam, a vanful of professional dongs invades his house and boosts his fake jewelry. So goes the wearying plot of The Heist, in which bombshell-ass Julia reserves her most acrobatic sexual positioning for the crew's fatdorked ringleader. The crime spree inexplicably leads to an unfortunate lesbo act featuring vintage cooze Crystal Breeze and an unusually tepid appearance by Missy. Only the wiener-draining double team on an ivory-skinned redhead keeps The Heist from being a total ripoff. -R. C.

## Jon Dough's Sin-a-matic



HALF ERECT

Directed by Jon Dough; starring Monique DeMoan, Tricia Devereaux, Midori, Ruby, Spice, Papillon, Alexandra Nice, Jon Dough, Dave Hardman, Nick East, Vince Vouyer, Peter North, John West, Jake Steed, Mr. Marcus and T. T. Boy. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Sin-a-matic is a poop hole-oriented XXX entertainment that begins with a pair of ravenhaired floozies being rear-ended on the bed of a sport-utility vehicle. Jon Dough exerts himself mightily, squeezing his log-size schlong into female shit pipes no bigger than a dime. Multiple indignities are inflicted on Spice, the short-haired brunette with nipple-pierced whoppers and a frightened grin. Two neatly groomed apes stuff Spice's mouth and bowels in a men's room, while footage of a rat battling with a snake is intercut annoyingly throughout. Midori peels layers of white lace from

her licorice skin and serves her grease-smeared chitlings tube to a pink-pronged honkie. The hard-humping anal athletes of Sin-amatic are highly skilled in hard-core gymnastics; yet the performances are often no more intense than pregame warm-ups. —M. A.

## The Fanny



HALF



Directed by Jim Enright; starring Brittany Andrews, Ashley Renee, Kay London, Toni James, Shawna Edwards, Tony Tedeschi, Steve Drake and Peter North. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Raven-haired Brittany Andrews does an admirable job of impersonating Fran Drescher's adenoidal Jewess whine. The Nanny star's scrumptiously jutting ass is more difficult to approximate. Andrews, whose white-girl butt globes are not half as round as her gargantuan imitation bongos, humps and groans, but never with enough ferocity to ensure that she would not rather be out buying shoes. The supporting cast boasts sultry, lush-lipped Ashley Renee, looking like an over-30 bar slut who has cured more than her share of whiskey dicks, and two fleshy blondes who rumble-fuck with an appealing chubbiness. This Fanny does not deserve more than one spanking. -R. C.

#### Stardust 4



TOTALLY LIMP



Directed by Michael Zen; starring Kobe Tai, Jen Teal, Brittany O'Connell, Alex Sanders, Steven St. Croix, Bobby Vitale, Warren Scott, Rick O'Shea and Jackie Beat. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Next to heroin, Kobe Tai is Asia's most addictive export. Bamboo-shoot thin, with fat dumpling tits and a thick-furred quim like a bed of black noodles, Tai is a dish who devours. Unfortunately, she no longer devours cock with the same deepthroat fervor that she displayed in her pre-Vivid days. Even worse, she finds herself in Michael Zen's Stardust. A basic assumption of



THE HEIST: Piledriving Julia Ann.



THE FANNY: Drake pigs out on Kay London.



SIN-A-MATIC: Dough rump-humps Devereaux.

any helmsmen making XXX for the nonhomo audience should be that the straight viewer prefers seeing female anatomy over male. Yet Kobe Tai is barely glimpsed when split by two dudes in her ruined anal penetration. Repeated shots of some creep's hairy chest and stubblechinned, slack-jawed grimace exterminate all pleasure that might have been the viewer's as red snatch Brittany O'Connell hums and humps through several botched scenes. And what the hell is going on with that fat fuck of a transvestite who keeps queering up everywhere? Stardust. Fags will love it. -M.A.



STARDUST: Spit-shining O'Connell's O-rings.

#### STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



Eternal Lust (VCA)

Shayla La Veaux, Felecia, Steve Hatcher

Fame Is a Whore on Butt Row (Evil Angel)
Tori A., Amber, Sean Michaels

Gregory Dark's Psycho-Sexuals (Evil Angel)
Nikita, Missy, Mickey G.

Shane's World Volume 6: Slumber Party (Odyssey Group Video) Jade, Honey, Shane

Sorority Sex Kittens 3 (VCA) Shayla La Veaux, Ashlyn Gere, T. T. Boy



Interracial Virgins #1 (New Sensations)
Mikki Mallone, Maya, Jake Steed

Joannie Pneumatic (Hip Video) Tatiana, Selena, Steve Drake

Max 14 (Filmwest/Legend) Kimi Ji, Amber, Max Hardcore

Pickup Lines Number 14 (Odyssey Group Video) Vivienne, Leeanna Heart, Jeremy Steele

Smoke and Mirrors (Pleasure Films) Lexi Eriksson, Mickey Lynn, Frank Towers

Whore D'erves (Outlaw Productions) Laura Palmer, Caressa Savage, Ciera Brooks



Anal Maniacs #5 (Wicked Pictures) Kaitlyn Ashley, Sid Deuce, Jay Ashley

Black Video Virgins #2 (New Sensations) Midori, Cash, Jake Steed

Fuck Jasmin (Metro Home Video) Jasmin St. Claire, Alyssa Allure, Steve Hatcher

Jenna's Built for Speed (Wicked Pictures)

Jenna Jameson, Serenity, Nadia

No Man's Land #17 (Video Team) Jill Kelly, Rebecca Lord, Charlie

Twice in a Lifetime (VCA)
Kelly O'Dell, Christy Canyon, Marc Wallice



Angel Sucks (Metro Home Video) Angel Hart, Sophia Rio, Dave Hardman

Net Dreams (Arrow Productions/Summit Pictures) Roxanne Hall, Nikki Sinn, Ariel

Pleasureland (Vivid)
Nikki Tyler, Lexus Locklear, T. T. Boy

The Right Connection (VCA)
Misty Rain, Ariana, Vince Vouyer

Sugardaddy #6 (Xplor Media) Sindy Louder, Precious, Dave Cummings

#### TOTALLY LIMP

The Gift (Femme Productions) Shanna McCullough, Micki Lynn, Mark Davis

Screwed (Headlock Films) Al Goldstein, Ron Jeremy, Leena

Shooting Gallery (Elegant Angel) Missy, Devon Shore, Dave Hardman

Totally Depraved 2 (Sin City) Sindee Coxx, Mila, Mr. Marcus

## **Sexhibition 4**



HALF



Directed by Simon Goldstar and Joe Sun; starring Anita Rinaldi, Maria, Jill Kelly, Ursula Moore, Regina Sipos, Michelle, Leslie Taylor, Andrew Youngman, Eric Price and Zole Komboy. Videocassette: Sunshine.

Lensed by crooked-eye masturbation-mastermind Kris Kramski, the first three rollicking installments of Sunshine's Sexhibition series rattled porn-fan balls like an unhinged splooge centrifuge. Sexhibitions 1, 2 and 3 blew through the XXX world like a fresh-breath blowjob, packed with natural-sacked, neverbefore-seen European squack, imaginative scenarios and roughbone fucks. Sunshine and Kramski parted ways before volume 4, and the series's deterioration into half-limp hackery was immediate. The bouncing, low-density adipose teat tissue that formerly adorned Sexhibition broads is now stitched-on conical lab mass; the photography is less inventive than stroke inhibitive: and the settings and themes are from the John T. Bone bunkrococo school. American pornqueen ringer Jill Kelly spreads bomb pink for an adequate closing tug, but Sexhibition 4 is a poor showing from a fallen powerhouse. -R.C.

## **Tight Ass**



HALF



Directed by John T. Bone; starring Rikki Andersin, Menage Trois, Alyssa Allure, Candy Apples, Rick Masters, Dave Hardman, Steve Hatcher and Billy Glide. Videocassette: Amazing Pictures.

Candy Apples greets the viewer with a vacant smile and a close-cropped, electroshock haircut. Then her face is shoved into a mud puddle and she is porked in the ass. So begins *Tight Ass*, the story of stupid sluts lured to a Shakespeare rehearsal where the lines spoken are "Fuck me harder!" Menage Trois yaps a few words about being an actress, then is flipped upside down so her big brown rump fills the screen as one stiff cock glides



SEXHIBITION: Anita Rinaldi comes up for air.

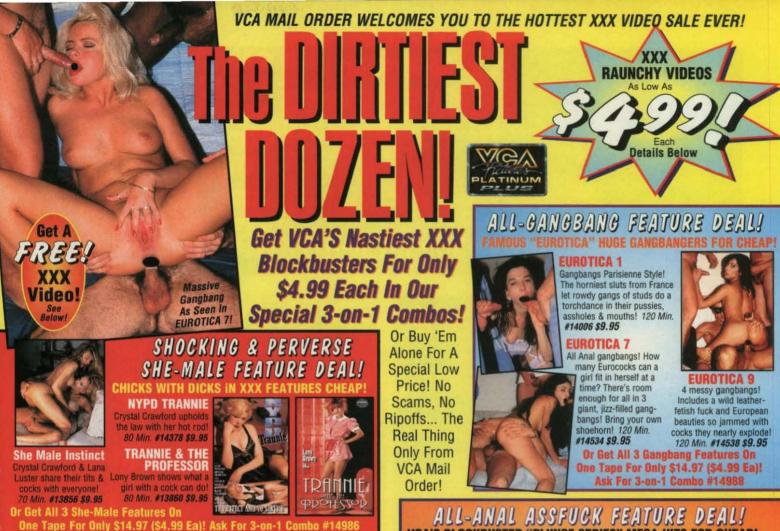


TIGHT ASS: Creaming Allure's pie-face.

into her turd rings and another into her pink-lipped slit. Silly slut. Pie-face brunette Alyssa Allure uses her Shakespeare tryout as an opportunity to show her talent for double vaginal penetration, and a blue-eyed, golden-haired, vanilla-complexioned hole named Rikki Andersin winces in pain as two

co-studs simultaneously copulate with her shit chute and gash. John T. Bone's gutter-slop style offends the refined tastes of the gentleman XXX connoisseur, but pigs who enjoy wallowing in filth will one-handedly applaud Tight Ass for being so dirty it will make you want to wash out your eyeballs.

—M. A.





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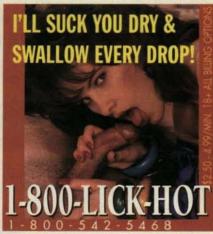
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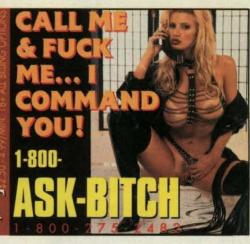
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(continued from page 33)

#### Hot Letters She moaned, "Yesss," and pistoned her backside against my arm. Like a powerful black hole, the pink slice swallowed up my wrist and most of my forearm.

hard vet? Is that all there is to it? Because that's got to be one of the smallest pricks I've ever seen."

With a sheepish smile, I apologized. "Sorry, but that's all I've got." My furious pumping resumed.

"Oh, well," sighed the rather disappointed Garloo. "Then go ahead and put it in."

This was certainly an uncomfortable moment, especially since I was about to come. I went ahead and ejaculated inside her, careful not to move or cry out too much. Then I told Garloo to get up on all fours and get ready for my cock. As soon as she was facing away from me, I stretched open her jizz-slick poontang. The sheer size and width of the thing was incredible. Praying for my deceptive plan to work, I inserted my entire hand into her cunt.

She moaned, "Yesss," and pistoned her backside against my arm. Like a powerful black hole, the pink slice swallowed up my wrist and most of my forearm. Garloo went to town on the imprisoned limb, porking herself until she nearly reached my shoulder. I used my other hand to violently grab her plum-size clitoris.

"Fuckin' A," exploded Garloo. Her firm bottom clenched; climax gushed down my arm. Hoping she wouldn't notice my slimy shirtsleeve as I withdrew, I crossed my fingers. When they crossed, Garloo came all over again.

I can already hear you HUSTLER readers screaming, "Hey! That doesn't sound like such a great lay!" But when you're hung as small as I am, that's about as good as it gets. -T. M.

Rancho Cordova, California

#### PUNCH THE COCK

My poor hubby can't hold down a job! Earl and I were still in high school when a broken condom led to the arrival of Earl Jr. That meant Earl had to forsake his dreams of attending the Graterford School of Welding. He embarked on a string of assembly-line jobs while I stayed home, washed the dishes and taught Earl Jr. to read and write. (Earl refuses to send his son to public school, where most of the teachers are homosexuals.)

The last factory Earl worked in was the worst. At this aspirin-manufacturing plant (I can't mention the brand name because the company is currently suing us), Earl's job was to place the little ball of cotton into each jar. His supervisor was an ornery bastard who screamed and

velled that Earl wasn't "stuffing in an appropriate manner." So Earl pulled the supervisor's pants down and stuffed the cotton in his ass! That's my Earl. To this day, if I'm in the mood for anal sex, I'll use the euphemism "stuffing the cotton" in front of Junior.

Lately I've been in the mood more than ever. I guess it's because Earl's new job, assembling engine blocks, keeps him racking up overtime. By the time he gets home, he's too pooped to pop a load in my pooper—or anywhere else. Sometimes I suck him off in his sleep; instead of satisfying my thirst for a nocturnal emission, he rolls over and mutters, "I'll come first thing tomorrow morning." Then he snores straight through the racket of my powerful vibrator and orgasmic cries. If I hadn't kept my perfect figure, dazzling red hair and freshly scrubbed good looks all these years, I might take it as a personal

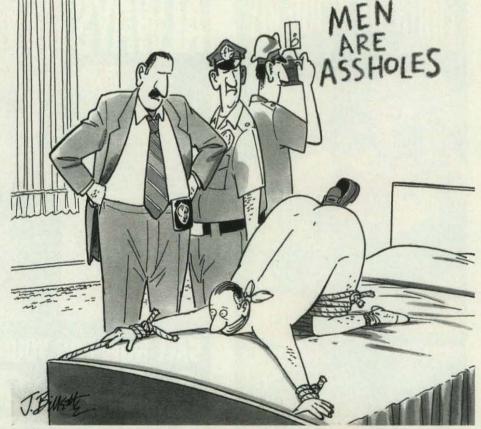
Instead, I decided to take it like a woman by meeting Earl for a lunchhour rendezvous. Hell, if the two of us couldn't get it on while off the clock, I'd simply bring nookie to the workplace. I asked Wanda, our next-door neighbor, to watch Earl Jr. for the day; she owed me a favor for using the guest

room to bang the cable guy. After showering, squeezing into a leather outfit and sneaking past the factory security guards, I was ready to surprise my hardworking hubby with an early Christmas present: wet pussy.

Silently, I slipped down the sterile corridors in search of the break room. There, I could hide until Earl walked in to be greeted by a wholly different kind of tuna sandwich. The perfect hiding place seemed to be a small storage area by the refrigerator. It was dark, cramped and smelled sulfurous, but the indignity would only last for 20 minutes or so before the lunch whistle blew-and I blew Earl. I forced my C-cup breasts through the tight opening and wedged myself into seclusion.

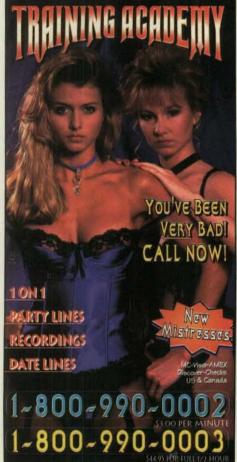
What a terrible mistake. I heard a loud alarm go off, and suddenly the floor gave way beneath me! Much to my disgust, the cubbyhole turned out to be a trash chute. Promptly, I tumbled several feet and landed in a moldy pile of banana peels and greasy rags. Now I was covered in grime and eggshell fragmentshardly the sexpot look I had spent the entire morning cultivating. My dress, already revealing beyond belief, was ripped in places most people don't know

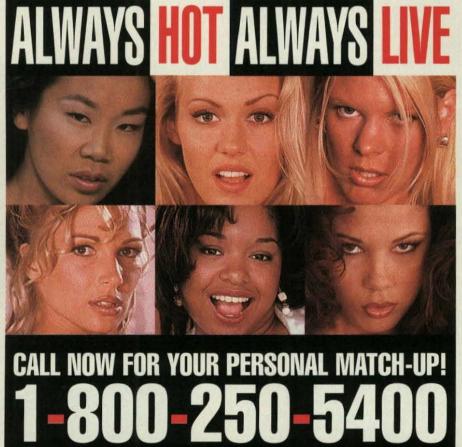
(continued on page 46)



"This poor trick is just like all the others. I want this hooker, Mike—I want her bad...."







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#### Hot Letters Thrusts of pure, mechanical force ripped into my labes. With some difficulty. I propped myself on an elbow so I could diddle my clit while continuing to suck dick.

exist. Desperate to save myself further embarrassment, I crawled out of the basement Dumpster, reeling from the fall. I had to sit down for a minute while

the world stopped spinning.

Terrible mistake number two: What initially appeared to be a comfortable workbench jumped to life at the signal of another buzzer. I had taken my seat upon some kind of conveyor belt, moving quickly toward a pair of steel doors. Before I could collect my senses, I was carried through the doors and plopped onto the main assembly line!

I understand the sight of a 5-8 redhead with big jugs flopping all over the place is not a common one for factory workers expecting another shipment of ball bearings and lug nuts. But did the boys have to hoot, holler and grab their crotches quite so rudely? All those sweaty animals dropped their wrenches and subjected me to a gauntlet of mauling hands. The whole experience should have been disgusting and repulsive; instead, I was more turned-on than ever! Throbs engulfed my drippy snatch in a pulsing rhythm I can only compare to delivering Earl Jr. Oil-smeared digits snuck up my bung; hairy knuckles buried themselves in my twat; industrial gloves tweaked my titties. Although I

wanted to keep my composure, my body had other ideas. Soon I was quivering and moaning in a shamefully sexed-up display.

"Cock," I gasped, verbalizing the silent cry my genitals had been screaming for months. "Somebody give me a cock! In my mouth, in my pussy.... Just fuck me until I can't see straight." Here was a crew that really knew how to follow orders. Jumpsuits were doffed, and my eyes danced with penises of all colors, shapes and sizes. Oh, those sizes! Gargantuan members already standing at attention in a hard-on smorgasbord. Unable to hold back another minute, I licked my lips as the belt carried me toward a smoky, black wang. The shaft disappeared down my throat in one gulp.

"Damn, this bitch is hot," cried the owner of that oversized johnson. I sucked him fervently, my lips bobbing up and down the length. Only a few slurps later, the belt moved me before a handsome, young fellow with a pale pecker that threatened to put my eye out. Maybe that's why everyone wore such silly goggles.

I swallowed the lily-white pork sword and was thrilled to actually feel the girth expand within my esophagus. God knows I love my hubby, but this kid had a love

muscle the size of Earl's arm. Before I rolled past my thick and veiny Romeo, I begged him to climb on the assembly line and give it to me doggy-style.

He replied, "With pleasure." A coworker helped him up; it seems like it would take several burly men just to cart around that heavy trouser snake all day! Regardless, the eager hunk had no problem forcing every inch into my womb as he mounted my wagging bum. Thrusts of pure, mechanical force ripped into my labes. With some difficulty, I propped myself on an elbow so I could diddle my clit while continuing to suck dick.

The procession of organs I ingested was staggering. Some were salty; some were spicy; some were leaking pre-cum even before my tongue lashed their tips. Throughout the oral orgy, the big one in my privates drilled to undiscovered depths. I felt positively impaled with cock! If the head of that massive meat monster broke through my skull to spray sperm like a humpback whale, I wouldn't be surprised at all. Vaginal juices collected in a pool underneath us; I tried not to slip as I reached for the next lucky dingdong.

"Unngh," grunted my fuck buddy from behind. "Gonna shoot your pussy full!" My tubes were tied after Earl Jr.; so I figured a spray of scuzz in my snatch would be all right. I'd have to douche well before Earl fucked me again, but who knew how long that would be? For the moment, I simply enjoyed the blasts of sticky scum that erupted within. Spasms traveled between our engorged loins, moving together in an increasingly

squishy ecstasy.

The climax oozing down my thighs couldn't have been more well-timed. Sadly, the assembly line had come to an end. I so thoroughly enjoyed blowing the more than 50 employees who work their ass off each day. To show their gratitude, the crew gathered in a circle and jerked themselves off into my wide-open mouth. Talk about a power lunch-I swallowed every drop, and I even licked the splatter from the dirty factory floor. I guess I was a bit cum-drunk.

As I drove home, stinking of garbage and drenched in sperm, I wondered where Earl had been the whole time. Turns out he snuck home to give me a little midday boinking too! Isn't that sweet? Although I wasn't there when Earl walked through the door, Wanda was still baby-sitting Earl Jr. So Earl gave it to Wanda in the butt. Great minds think alike—along with other parts of the





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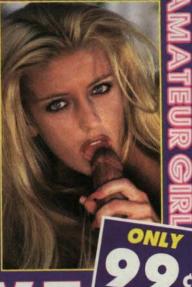
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## Hot Letters Over and over, I rubbed my pudenda against Marta's biting mouth,

scratching the orgasmic itch that started as a tickle—courtesy of Courtney.

body. Well, there's the lunch whistle; it's time for my shift.

-L. S.

Graterford, Pennsylvania

#### THE PEEHOLE VS. LARRY FLYNT

I just rented The People vs. Larry Flynt on video for the umpteenth time. What a movie! Woody Harrelson is funny, fantastic and so good-looking. Everybody knows he should have won an Academy Award, but Gloria Steinem and her cronies spoiled the party. Thank God she wasn't in the room the first time I saw Flynt—with my lesbian lover, Marta.

When Marta brought home that fateful tape from Blockbuster, I was skeptical. I've never been a HUSTLER fan; spending two hours with the magazine's publisher seemed like a terrible fate. However, Marta said the three words that opened my mind (and eventually my snizz): Courtney fucking Love. I relate to her music, because I used to be a junkie, and my husband committed suicide. And as a dyke, I'm turned on by Courtney's mannish figure and apelike hands! She is sexy beyond belief.

"If you pause the tape just right," claimed Marta with a devilish grin, "you can see Courtney's pussy lips." That's all I needed to hear. Marta sat her luscious rump in my lap and frantically pressed the fast-forward button until we arrived at the bathtub scene in

question.

Upon what I think was a glimpse of the leathery Love labes, I gasped, "Look at those floppy, meaty elephant ears! I could chew on that cud till the cows come home." Speaking of cows, there were also majestic shots of Courtney's inflated udders. The sight of all that pale punk flesh had me steamy in the panties. My damp condition was only made soggier as Marta ground against my lap.

"I've got a kinky idea," Marta whispered, sliding a hand between her legs and down to dance amid my thighs. "Pause the movie back at the snatch shot." Courtney's cunny once again oozed upon the television. Delightedly, Marta fell to her knees before the 12-inch monitor and licked the screen! Watching my tall, blond, well-built girlfriend make sweet love to a Sony is a sight I'll never forget.

I crouched behind Marta and pulled off her tight shorts. What a butt on that girl—pink, pendulous and seemingly form-fitted to sit on my face. Sometimes I wish Marta had a flat, pastywhite ass like the one Courtney displayed onscreen. But hey, I didn't say Marta was perfect.

Marta begged, "Snake your tongue up my twat while I go down on Courtney. It's just like we're having a threeway!"

Not only did I orally explore my lifemate's canyon, but I swabbed her taint and rectum to a quivering spit shine. She rocked above me, occasionally dipping a digit into her musky well.

Things only got crazier from there. I came up with the idea to pause on one of Courtney's dramatic close-ups, where she wore a scrunched-up expression in order to appear intelligent. Then I laid the TV on the floor, straddled it and sat

on Courtney's face!

For a moment, I swear I felt a sandpaper tongue dart from the screen, like
a horny toad engulfing a fly. It turned
out to be Marta, squatting beside me to
lend a helpful gland. The two of us
bumped fuzzies, literally under the
nose of the most talented "singer"/
"songwriter"/"actress" of our generation. I wish the whole world had witnessed her, smeared in pussy juices as
Marta and I collapsed in a cluster. I'm
sure the sight of Courtney's face covered in bodily fluids is one not very

many people have seen.

"I'm coming," howled Marta, thrashing within the confines of our tightly wound 69 position. "Oh, my hole is on fire! My hole! My hole! It's on fire!" Soon the climactic heat flowed down my throat like briny lava. I wrapped my legs in a kung-fu grip around Marta's head and bucked to my own shattering cum eruption.

"Fuck," I screamed. "Suckle my parts, doll!" Tremors sent my loins to an over-whelming sexual nirvana; I was almost afraid my head might explode. Over and over, I rubbed my pudenda against Marta's biting mouth, scratching the orgasmic itch that started as a tickle—cour-

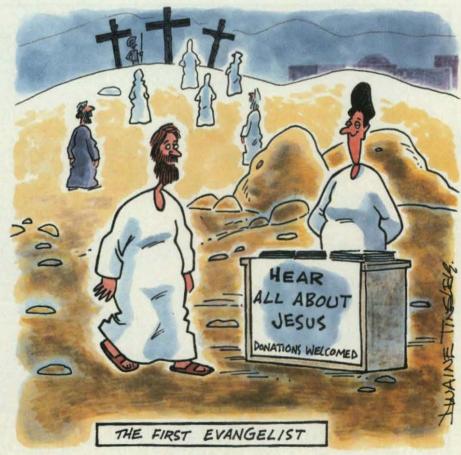
tesy of Courtney.

In our subsequent viewings of *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, Marta and I have come to understand what Courtney sees in her rumored boyfriend, Ed Norton (if you know what I mean by "come to understand"). He's almost as girly as she is butch! If there's ever a sequel, I hope Milos Forman provides a little male frontal nudity.

—F. B.

Parsippany, New Jersey

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER <u>Hot</u> <u>Letters</u>, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.







# AREYOU HARD ENOUGH TO AND FUCK MEANS BISINESS!





















Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

## Wild About Watersports WHY PISSING IS NUMBER ONE

BY RUTH CALLETT \* ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD DEEK

"What a powerful ride!" Annie shrieks, her jugs bouncing ecstatically as she throws her arms into the air. "I haven't been on top of such a big one in years!"

"Relax, baby. Just take it all in," croons Gilbert.

"We're almost at the top, baby!" Annie cries. "I forgot how much I love riding Ferris wheels!"

Thinking back, Gilbert can't believe he convinced Annie to come to the county fair with him tonight. The guys from his factory had been going broke for months buying drinks for the stacked barfly. But the same routine played itself out every night: Annie got shitfaced. Then, in full view of her salivating suitors, she'd hike her skirt above those plentiful butt cheeks, squat down and take a long, fierce piss in the parking lot before staggering home—alone.

Most of the guys had given up on the idea of drilling the gorgeous guzzler, and Gilbert saw their point. But his dick thickened at the thought of Annie's pretty, redfringed pussy squeezing out that pure, steaming gold, soaking the tiny panties around her ankles, pooling inside her stiletto pumps....

Gilbert persisted in asking her out. Finally, she said yes.

It took four pitchers in the beer garden before she agreed to ride the Ferris wheel, and now, gliding above the fair, Gilbert's piss tank is so full, his back teeth are floating. Annie crosses her legs tightly and grinds her cunt against the wooden seat slats. Her obvious discomfort makes Gil's balls burn.

Suddenly, the Ferris wheel jerks to a stop.

"Uh-oh," says Gilbert, turning to Annie, whose eyes are rolling crazily from the pain in her bladder. "I have to whiz."

"Oh, God, do I gotta piss too. I just don't know if I can hold it!" Annie slurs, a silvery thread of drool oozing from the corner of her lips. The bosomy boozer smashes her titties against Gilbert's shoulder, her hands jammed firmly beneath her aching pussy.

"Just pull up your skirt, and let it out," pants Gilbert, throttling his pounding cock.

"Maybe just a droplet or two?" Annie whimpers desperately as her pungent stream of used beer trickles through the bench slats.

"What the fuck?!" yells somebody below. "This ain't freakin' Splash Mountain! Jesus Christ! We have small children down here!"

"Do it on me," Gilbert hisses at Annie. "You can piss in my lap—I'll soak it all up."

Too desperate to argue, Annie straddles Gilbert's thighs, nestling her moist, burning mound against his stiff pecker, and lets the acrid kidney juice gush over his groin, needling tantalizingly over his balls and into his ass crack. His piss-hot cudgel releases its own creamy lava into the mixture, bathing his nut

sack in molten custard.

Once aground, the pungently stained couple head to the restrooms. Gilbert sees his cousin Zeke, who worked the Ferris-wheel controls.

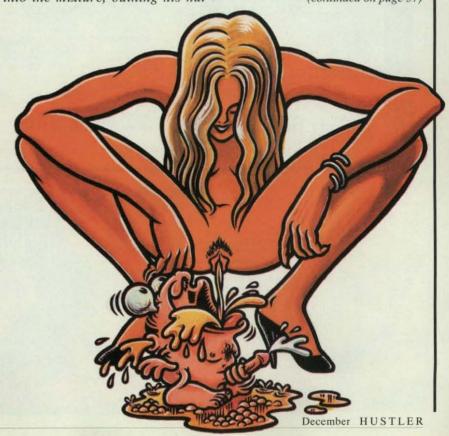
"You needed a slicker up there," leers Zeke.

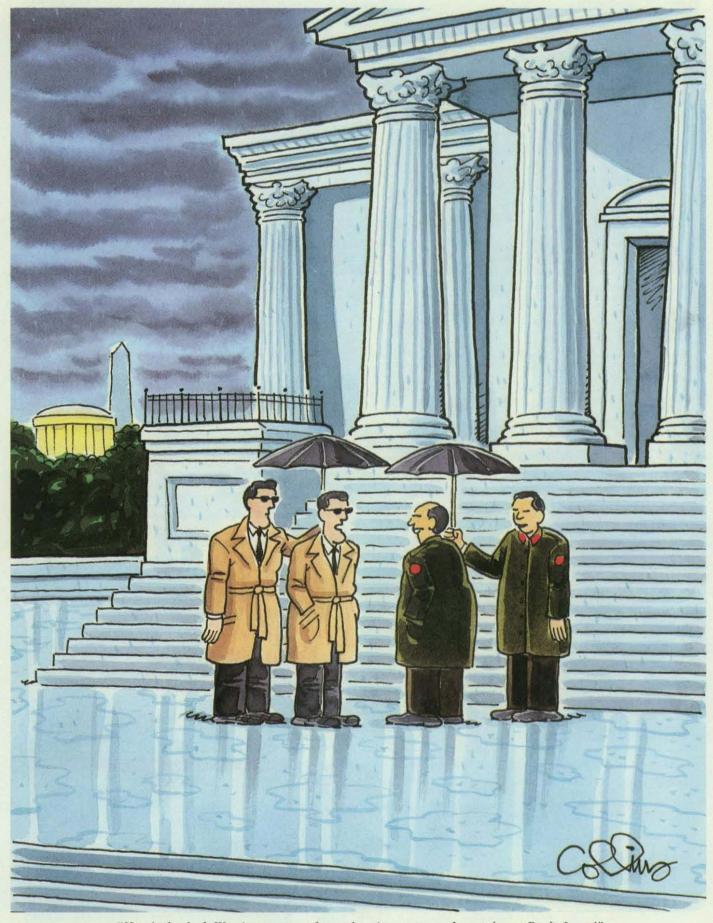
"Nice job," says Gilbert, paying off Zeke 40 bucks for stopping the Ferris wheel.

"Too bad the carny's leaving town," says Zeke.

Gilbert grins at his cousin. "I have my own splash-down log ride from now on!"

"That night at the fair clarified some things for me," concludes Gilbert. He and a few other watersports enthusiasts have agreed to talk to HUSTLER about the gratifying give and take of piss play. "I was always hanging out at women's restrooms, listening for the tune of tinkle, or sneaking in to jerk off over (continued on page 57)





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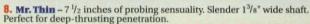
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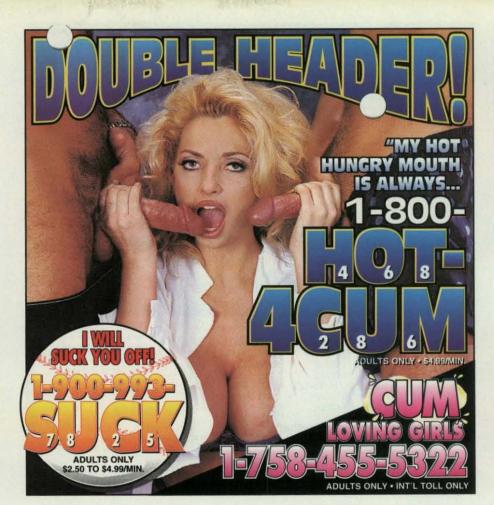
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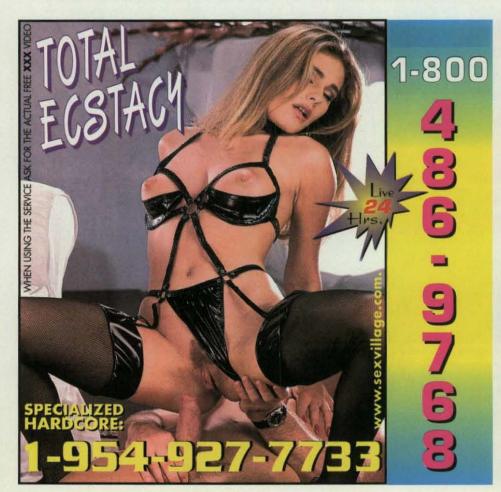
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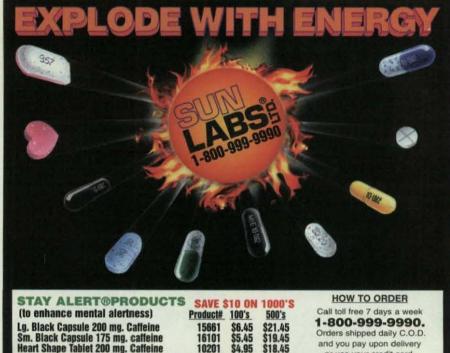












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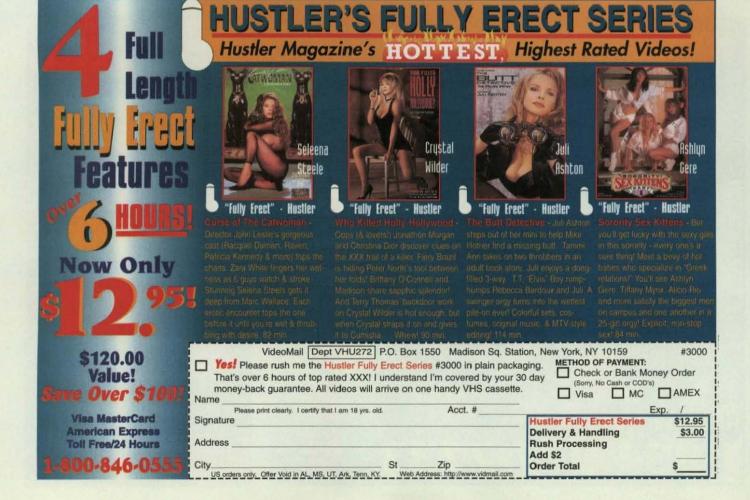
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(continued from page 52)

#### Sex Play "You put your hand flush on her cunt flaps and feel it flowing. Then you show her how hard it gets you. Then you tell her you'd like to eat her pussy while she dribbles on your tongue."

golden unflushed bowls. I prayed to get a girl alone somewhere with gallons of potable water and no crappers. But in the end, all you have to do is ask for it."

"I've never had the balls to ask," sighs Lyle, 29. "Fortunately, my profession makes catching a trickling chick easy for me." He fingers his sheriff's badge. "I wait around until the bars close, find some whore who looks smashed and pull her over. I take my time filling out the ticket. Before I hand it to her, I give her shit about some law I just made up and make her step out of the car. As I'm frisking her, I give her the elbow right in the bladder.

"One in ten times, that dark, stinking stain spreads across the crotch of her jeans. My hard-earned pay. Sometimes I blow a load just looking at it. Johnny Law is happy—so is the law's johnny."

"A steaming cascade of girl ammonia is an alluring sight," asserts Ben, an assistant corporate factotum. "But I'm looking for an experience of mutual sharing. Like emptying your lizard into one chick's rump ring and taking another cooze's bladder drain in the face. That's a fulfilling experience for everyone involved. I think this cop is lonely and sad."

Sheriff Lyle hangs his head. "I should book you on false charges," he sighs. "On the other hand, I'd love to know your secret-how do you suggest to a lady that you want to take a squirt on her?"

"I usually pitch golden showers to skirts as an act of supreme intimacy," responds Phil, heir to a profitable tuna fishery. "I cast my net wide. I'll pull in eight to ten snatches a week.

"Inevitably some slut tries to hook me into a long-term deal. That's when I tell her to prove her love in a way that no one else has—by letting me clean her off with my private-blend detergent. It makes them feel special, like they've got an edge on the competition."

Gordie, a 50-year-old composer of greeting cards, grunts resentfully from his seat. "Us ordinary joes have to be careful, or else the twats are gagging that piss is 'gross' and 'smelly.' What I do is hop into the tub with some skank and then say, 'Oops, I peed. It felt really good too. Why don't you try it?' If she does, you put your hand flush on her cunt flaps and feel it flowing. Then you show her how hard it gets you. Then you tell her you'd like to eat her pussy while she dribbles on your tongue. That's a

good way to break it to her gentle."

"Unlike Gordie here," says Gilbert, "I'm not one for eloquent speeches. I'm a man of action. If I think a new prospect might spend the night, I cover the mattress and pillows with garbage bags. Not that piss is dirty-it's pure as rainwater and prescribed medicinally in cultures more enlightened than oursbut new bedding isn't cheap!

"Once I've got her on my waterproof love raft, I shove my nozzle against her love kernel from behind and spurt away. I've never had a complaint. Girls love to feel you piss in the bed, and they love to do it themselves. It takes them back to their childhood, to a time before society convinced them that wee wee is only for the toilet. Let's face it: Potty training was a brutal tragedy in all our lives."

"What a facile interpretation," says Phil approvingly. "Personally, though, I prefer the shower. I adore urine-but I don't want my mansion smelling like a men's room."

"Listen, buttercup!" screams Gordie. "What's wrong with smellin' like a men's room?"

"We're all on the same side here!" intercedes a participant who has asked not to be named, even with a pseudo-

nym. "Aren't we trying to show that we're ordinary guys? We may lust after some broad's piss coursing down our throats, but we love their pussies and turd chutes as much as any other guy does, right?"

The others nod thoughtfully. Anonymous continues: "My so-called dirty fetish caught me some serious flak in the tabloids during my gubernatorial campaign. But some idiots think that even chowing cunt is dirty! I maintain that a urophile [lover of urine] is exactly like every other guy-just trying to get away with all he can within the limits of the law."

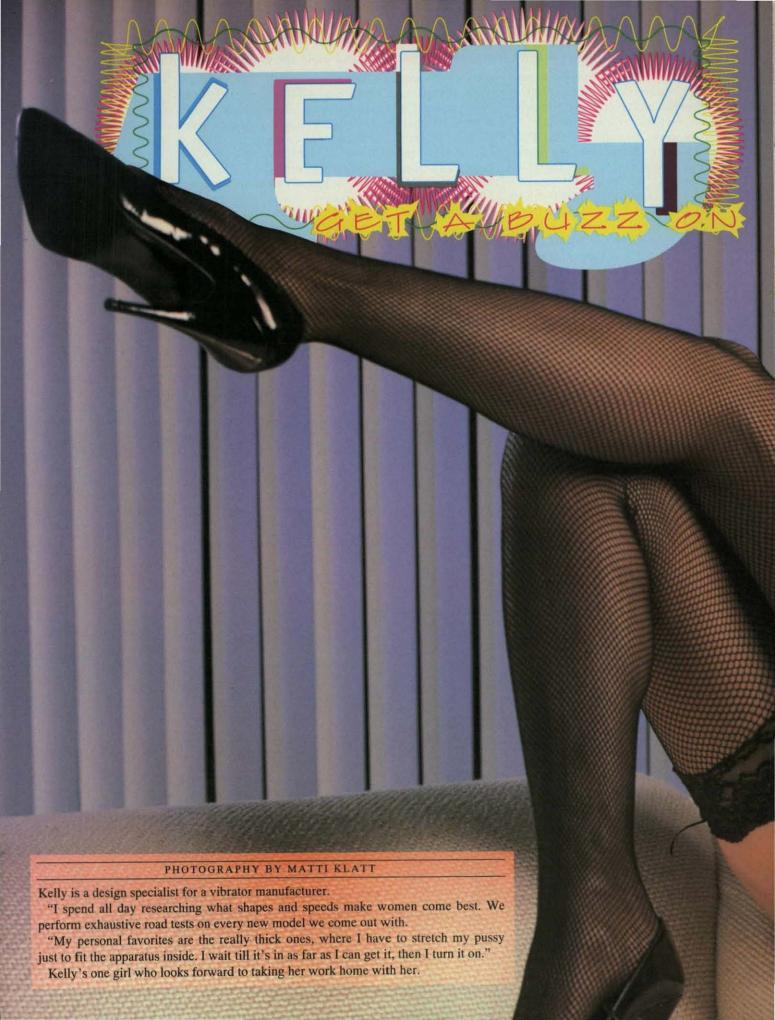
"Yeah," chimes in Phil. "We're not out there slipping diuretics into some chick's beer or taking a crap in her mouth. Just good, clean, wet fun."

The participants are now cheeringall but an odd-smelling fellow who sits apart from the others, gazing sadly at his mud-caked galoshes.

"There are more of us out there than anybody knows!" proclaims Gilbert in closing. "And there'd be more still if everybody would be more open-minded. It's in our interest to get all broads into watersports-more spigots to go around!"



"You will appear in a HUSTLER cartoon and be ripped out and taped to the wall of disgusting men's rooms everywhere!"





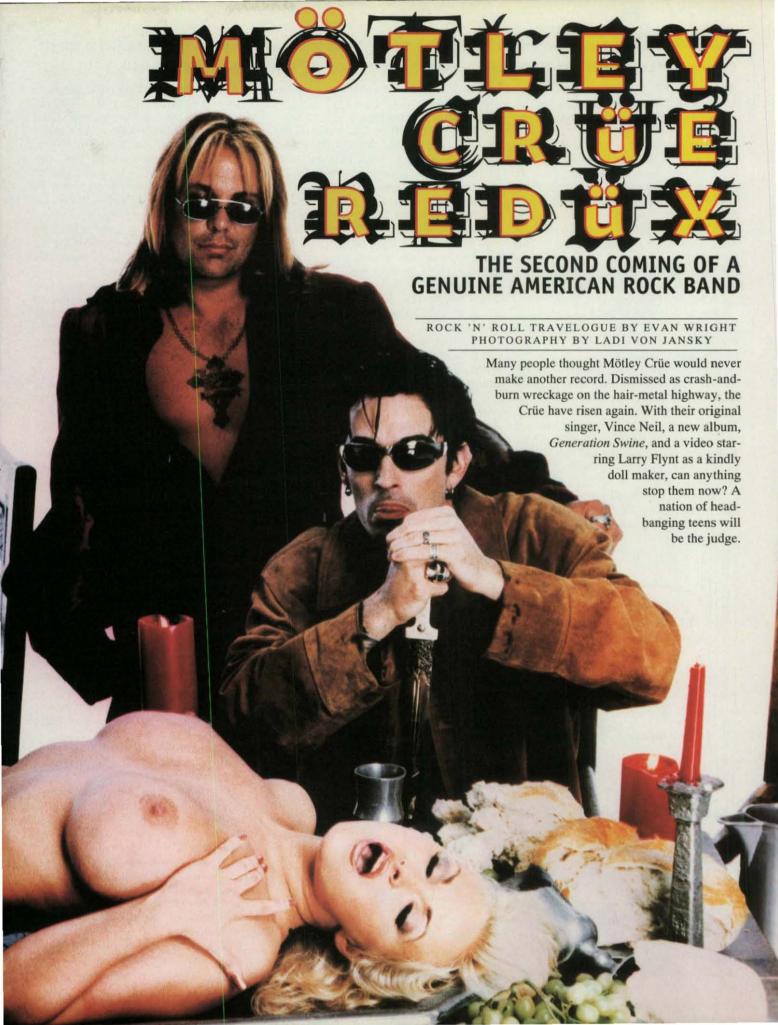












## Crüe "I'd love the chance to show up Pamela Lee," coos this brassy broadcaster, dumping Sixx to scissor her legs over Lee's thighs. Her denim miniskirt rides up to reveal panties flimsy enough for flossing teeth.

Mötley Crüe are on deck facing the deejay booth, hemmed in by the cramped squalor of the Cleveland, Ohio, radio studio where they are pimping their new CD, Generation Swine. Shirtless drummer Tommy Lee's illustrated torso gives him the look of a tattooed carnival freak. A gleaming chrome collar and skull pendant dominate the neck of bass player Nikki Sixx. Singer Vince Neil is awash in a swirling orange-velour shirt, and guitarist Mick Mars hunches silently at the far end of the studio.

When Lee fires up a cigarette beneath a No SMOKING sign, three flunkies fight for the privilege of fetching an ashtray.

"So, is heavy metal back to kick some ass?" asks the fat, Midwestern deejay, his sagging rear cheeks flowing over the stool like a soggy hamburger bun.

Sixx shakes his head dismissively. "We're not here to say that heavy metal is back to kick alternative music's ass," he says. "Mötley Crüe are about having fun. You put on an R.E.M. record, and you feel like, 'Okay, I'm politically correct.' You listen to Mötley Crüe and feel like licking your girlfriend's pussy in the backseat of your dad's car."

"Is it true that your label was going to dump you if you didn't get Vince Neil back?" Deejay Fatass leans back and smirks with self-satisfaction at his own ambushlike question.

The Crue does not reply.

"This is Mike from Cleveland." The quavery timbre leaks through the studio speaker, bringing to mind pimples and a uniform spattered with deep-fryer grease. "I just want to say, you guys rock!"

"Right on!" rejoins Sixx, turning sharply as a blond female deejay plops onto his lap and strokes his legs with the toes of her white cowgirl boots.

"I'd love the chance to show up Pamela Lee," coos this brassy broadcaster, dumping Sixx to scissor her legs over Lee's thighs. Her denim miniskirt rides up to reveal panties flimsy enough for

"I'd love to hang out with you guys after the concert and party." She sighs with a smile that accentuates the heavy mileage around her eyes.

flossing teeth.

"Tell them about the time you partied with Alex Van Halen," Fatass chortles, dripping sweat and leering at his trashy colleague.

"I'm way into partying with bands," she purrs.

"What a slut!" blurts Tommy, bursting from the station door into the waiting throng. During Crüe's 15 minutes of onair hype, a gang of Cleveland fans has collected outside. They thrust their belongings at the band for signing: CDs, photos and bare titties waiting for a brush with fame. Tour personnel attempt to corral Mötley Crüe into a waiting van. The guys are late for tonight's sound check at the Agora club, but they stop anyway to satisfy the hunger of the fans.

The Agora's dressing room is like any other. The catered spread provided for the band consists of little more than deliments, tuna salad, bread and sodas.

The members of Mötley Crüe are all on the wagon after a slew of well-publicized troubles with booze and chemicals. Neil has a vehicular homicide under his belt. Sixx wins bragging rights for being draped under a sheet and pronounced dead after a 1988 heroin overdose.

Lee can cite a long list of alcoholic calamities that includes the singular achievement of once running himself over with his own car. "I pulled over to pee after drinking tons of beers," Tommy relates. "I left my Corvette in neutral, and it ran over both my legs. My leather pants fucking exploded."

In addition to being sober, Crüe members are currently attempting to live under the gentle lash of pussywhips wielded by wives or long-term girlfriends. An hour before showtime, Sixx is on his cell phone with wife Donna D'Errico, former *Playboy* model and current *Baywatch* star.

"My six-year-old is having dizzy spells and headaches," he says, flipping the phone shut. "He's having a CAT scan next week, but you never know what can cause stuff like that. I just finished reading a book about all the shit drinking milk can do to you." Sixx looks up portentously. "Do you realize we are the only species on Earth that drinks milk as adults?"

"Cats drink milk," counters Neil.

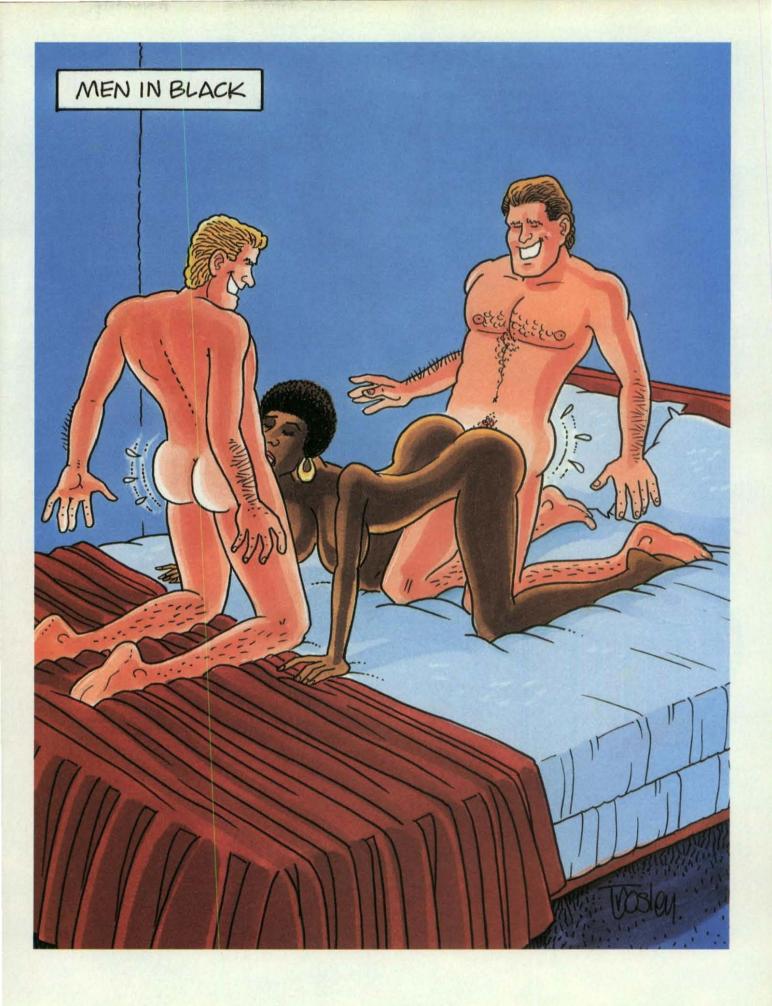
"You're right," Sixx laughs. "Fuck that stupid book."

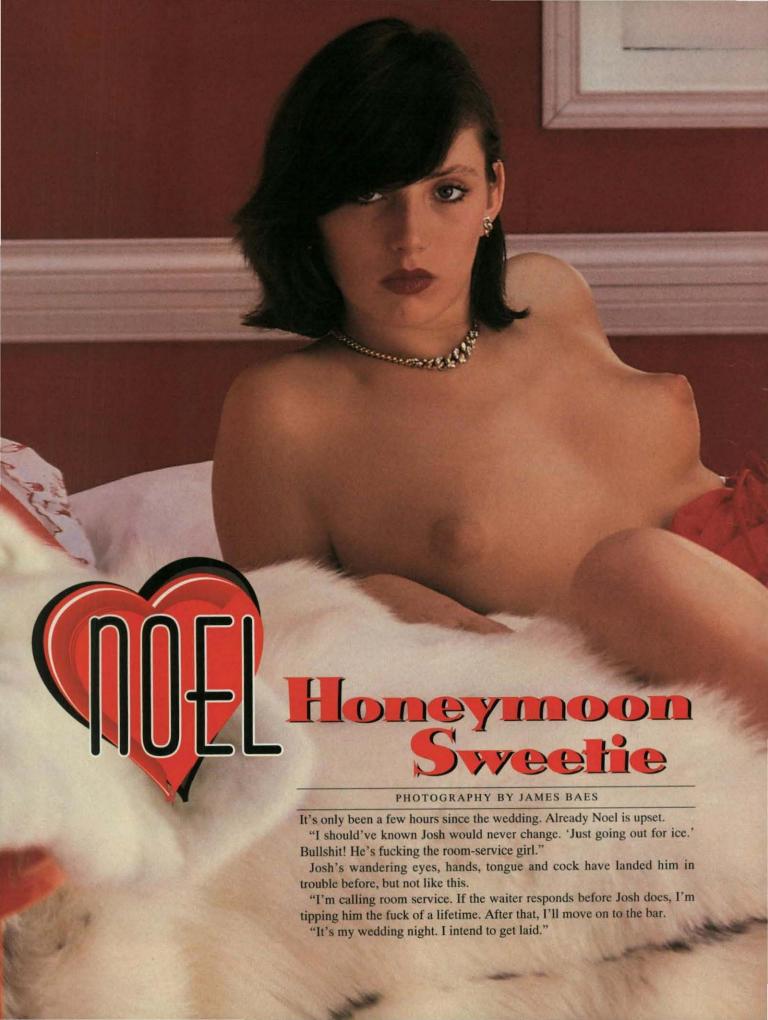
"Once when Pam was lactating, we were in the kitchen with her mother," offers Lee. "When her mom bent over to look in the fridge, Pam started squirting me with her tit!"

Sixx's thoughts on dairy products segue into meditations on pussy. D'Errico has told him that she's arriving in New York the next day with her suitcases loaded up with "outfits she bought at Trashy Lingerie."

"Yeah. Heidi's coming in tonight," murmurs Neil. He stretches back in a (continued on page 74)

















# Crüe Only during the final renditions of "Shout at the Devil" and "Dr. Feelgood" do the girls riding atop their boyfriends' shoulders show their gratitude by lifting their baby-T-shirts and shaking their tits for the band.

leopard-skin-covered armchair, smiling at the thought of seeing his girlfriend, Playboy model Heidi Mark. "I can't wait to crack her open."

The roar of 2,000 fans chanting, "Crüe! Crüe! Crüe!" rouses the boys from their reverie. Twenty minutes to showtime. The group fusses about like a self-conscious high-school punk band gearing up for a show in the neighbor's garage.

Nikki spikes his hair Sid Vicious-style, dons a mesh top, fishnet stockings and long leather shorts. His body appears to swim in a full-length overcoat made of bright-orange shag carpeting.

"Do I look like pimp-daddy orange?"

"You look like a cheap whore," quips Neil, sauntering from the room.

Mars performs in the same clothes he wears offstage. He prepares for the show by smoking a Marlboro Light. "Uh-oh," he observes, "Nikki hasn't greased a towel yet."

"We can tell how good the show is going to be," Tommy explains, clipping a microphone transmitter to the back of his rubber thong undies, "by how much cheese Nikki wipes off his balls before we go onstage."

Ignoring the jibes, Sixx hunts for a

place to take a leak, ultimately settling on a trash can.

Nearly naked, bone-skinny and as brightly colored as the Sunday comics, Tommy resembles a strange white savage. He leans against the cracked brick wall of the dressing room and scribbles, WE'RE BACK, MOTHERFUCKERS! - MÖTLEY CRÜE.

Throwing the pen down, Lee spits into the palms of his hands, slaps them together several times and rushes to the stage.

A plethora of white, suburban lifeforms makes up the sold-out crowd. Squealing cheesecake blondes with huge puffs of hair-sprayed bangs. Vacant-eyed metal geeks in Iron Maiden T-shirts. Burly guys with mullet haircuts. Die-hard punks. Even a newly married couple in tux and

The first riff of "Find Myself" sets a collective head-bangers jerk into motion. The mosh pit boils. Neil opens the chorus with the line, "I'm a sick motherfucker!" and his voice, the quintessential heavymetal screech of a tomcat being neutered with a rusty can opener, quickly drives the audience apeshit.

Two weeks earlier, during the tour opener in Los Angeles, California, the Crüe were shaky-"Like scared deer trapped in headlights," says Lee. But by Cleveland, the band is tight. Crüe take the audience through the new tunes from Generation Swine, but only during the final renditions of "Shout at the Devil" and "Dr. Feelgood" do the girls riding atop their boyfriends' shoulders show their gratitude by lifting their baby-Tshirts and shaking their tits for the band.

When Sixx stage-dives into the audience, he is clutched by hundreds of clenching, grabbing fists. Stagehands engage in a furious tug-of-war before the audience finally frees him.

In the dressing room after the show, Sixx and Lee lie on the floor, taking alternate hits of oxygen from a gas mask. Their grueling schedule calls for two more hours of postconcert promotions-a questionand-answer period from the stage, a meetand-greet, where they mingle with fans, and a raffle where the Crüe will give away a signed guitar.

"I felt terrible a couple of nights ago," Vince remembers with a cringe. "The guy who won our guitar didn't have any hands. I tried giving him the guitar, and I just blurted out without thinking, 'Dude! You don't have any hands!"

Sixx leaps from the floor, rejuvenated by the blast of pure oxygen.

"Vince, did you see that chick in the front row motioning the whole time like she wanted to suck my dick?" he asks excitedly. Not waiting for an answer, he sighs, shaking his hair slowly. "It never stops amazing me. That little girl watching the band. She's 14 and getting all achy down there and doesn't know why."

By one o'clock in the morning the Crüe members have signed their last autograph of the night. Mars and Neil exit to the hotel to hook up with their girlfriends, while Lee and Sixx pile into the limo with the band's crew for a food run.

The limo driver has a treat. His brotherin-law from Italy owns a local restaurant. He has closed it to the public tonight and laid out a Roman feast for the Crüe. It would be his honor for the driver to take them there.

"Dude," Lee cuts in, "let's just go to Taco Bell and get some burritos."

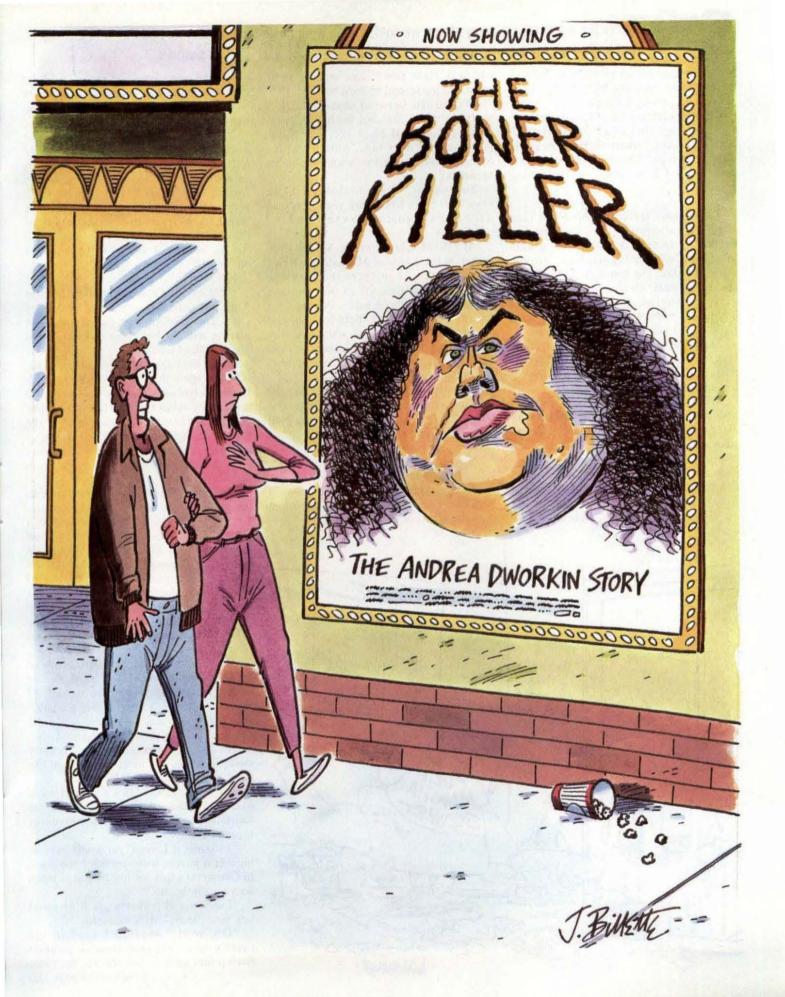
"Burritos," Sixx mutters dreamily. "I'll be sliding my burrito into Donna in just a few hours."

"One thing people don't know about Mötley Crüe is that we are computer literate," Lee lectures during the drive to Taco Bell.

"Dude," interjects Sixx. "Donna just sent me this E-mail today. She took a photo with her digital camera. She's on



"You are under arrest for DWB-Driving While Black!"



# **Crüe** "In the old days, for every album we sold, I think we ingested a different drug and tried to destroy ourselves. We tried to blow up, and every time we tried, we kept getting bigger. It was ridiculous."

her knees, and her ass is right in front of the lens, and she's got both her hands on her cheeks, pulling it wide open."

"Digital cameras rule!" Lee shouts.

"I sent her this nasty picture back," Sixx continues, "where there's jizz going down my legs. Thank God I'm sober. Imagine if I E-mailed it to the wrong person!"

Downtown Cleveland's late-night Taco Bell is a bulletproof-glass fortress protected by an armed guard who grunts incoherently, directing the limo into the drive-thru line. The low-tech garble of the speaker system, combined with the poor grasp of English demonstrated by the Taco Bell employee, turns the fast-food fix into a 20-minute ordeal.

Suspicious of the long wait, Lee clambers for a view into Taco Bell's kitchen to make sure no one is spitting or jacking off into the order.

When the food arrives, there is a noticeable absence of hierarchy among the stars and crew. Lee hands out everyone else's tacos and hot-sauce packets before helping himself. It is also apparent why Mötley Crüe take so much pride in writing songs that inspire backseat pussylicking. Any subject eventually finds its way back to beaver.

"Do you think Mick's piling it into his

old lady right now?" Lee muses, as he tears into his second or third burrito.

Sixx grunts between munches. "He's probably riding her. Got his hat on backward. I wonder if Mick gets all freaky. Gets out the duct tape, puts on Three Stooges movies, constructs some elaborate scenario."

Sixx pauses. "Come to think of it," he says. "I'll be in New York with Donna in a few hours. I better wash out my ass."

At 7:30 Monday morning, Mötley Crüe gather in the lobby of Manhattan's Rihga Royal Hotel. They spent the previous day—their first time off in two weeks—holed up in their hotel suites. All the Crüe except Lee were with their women, and all, except for Lee, appear relaxed as they cut through the autograph seekers in front of the hotel, blindly signing whatever is put in their faces.

In a pensive state, Sixx stares out the window as the van cruises the cavernous New York streets, reminiscing with Neil about their first show in New York, more than 15 years ago.

"I wanted to stay in the where-Sidkilled-Nancy hotel," recalls Sixx.

"We stayed in a dump, whatever it was," Neil retorts. "We shared that room with the giant cockroaches."

"I remember the first time we sold out at the Whisky," Lee volleys from the front passenger seat. "I phoned my mom and dad and told them we'd made it."

"In the old days," reveals Sixx, "for every album we sold, I think we ingested a different drug and tried to destroy ourselves and wreck the whole process. We tried to blow up, and every time we tried, we kept getting bigger. Every car we wrecked, every overdose just made us bigger. It was ridiculous. I was never in it for the success. I was in it for the crash and burn."

That evening's sold-out show at New York's Roseland is a triumph for Mötley Crüe. Their last gig here (when they were touring without Neil) had to be canceled due to lack of interest.

In the dressing room downstairs, Mars, who has spent the afternoon with his girl-friend, is feeling expansive and warms to his favorite subject: guns. He explains how he and his brother, a lieutenant in the California Highway Patrol, enjoy setting up elaborate desert shooting ranges where they erect fake human targets with melon heads and blow them up.

The arrival of Mars's girlfriend puts an end to the firearms discussion. Robbie-Lauren Mantooth describes herself as a "blond Cherokee from Tennessee and Australia." A Guess? model, Sports Illustrated swimsuit model and an underwater photographer for National Geographic, Mantooth perches on Mick's knee, modeling an aquamarine halter top that clings to state-of-the-art hooters possessing hypnotic powers when contemplated at close range.

Mantooth speaks passionately about the sad plight of the great white shark and of her work lecturing on its behalf. "I show a film where I'm hugging a shark," she proudly explains.

Then, looking up with jumbo blue eyes, serene as the summer sky, she abruptly changes course, inquiring, "Would you like to see the heart on my butt?"

She wiggles from Mick's lap and bends over to reveal a red heart stitched onto the heart-shaped butt cheek of her lavender leather pants.

"I wonder if Larry Flynt would ever let me take a picture with him that I could use in Christmas cards for my friends. I mean with my clothes on."

"Larry would probably ask if he could lick your pussy." Mick mumbles

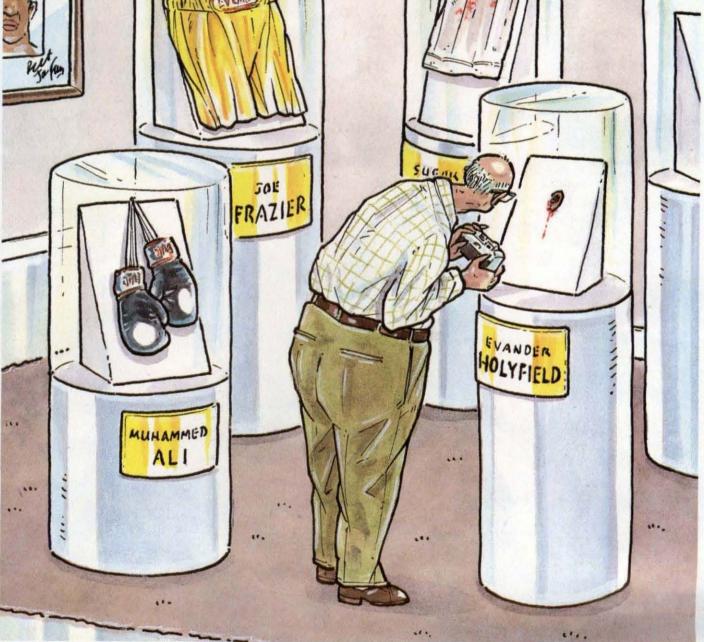
lick your pussy," Mick mumbles.

"Oh, well," Mantooth says in her twinkly voice. She trots from the room to fetch a diet soda. In her absence the room

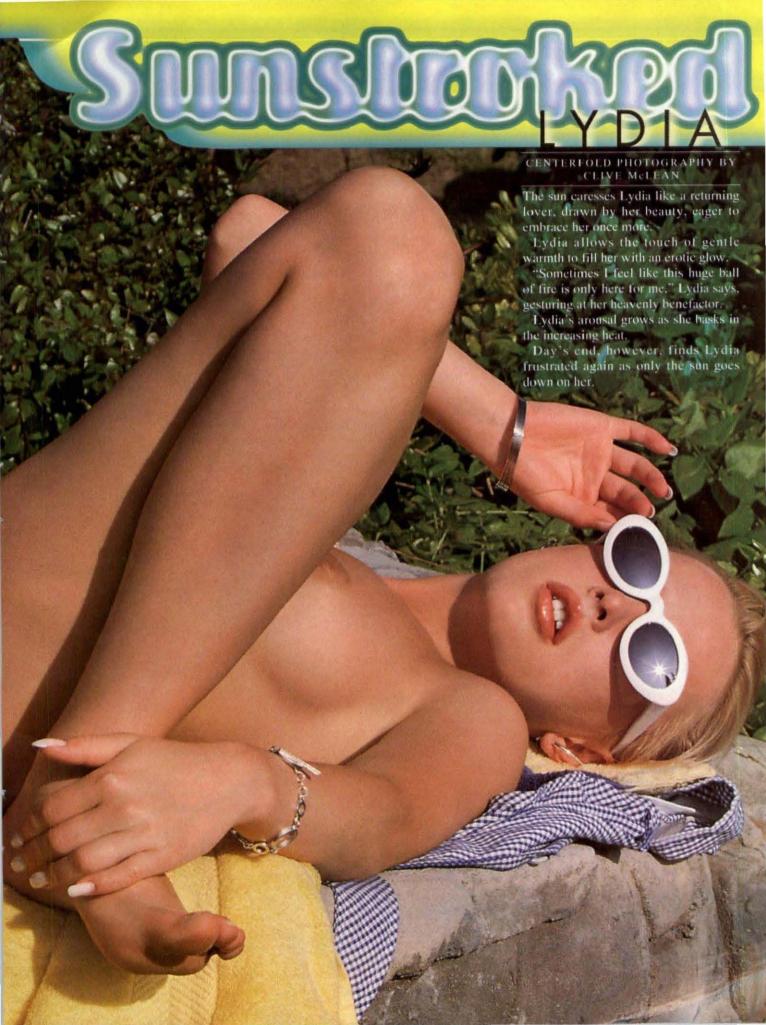
(continued on page 152)



arecetin. SPORTS MEMORABILIA MUSEUM BOXING 11 TO LEVE MAN FRAZIER





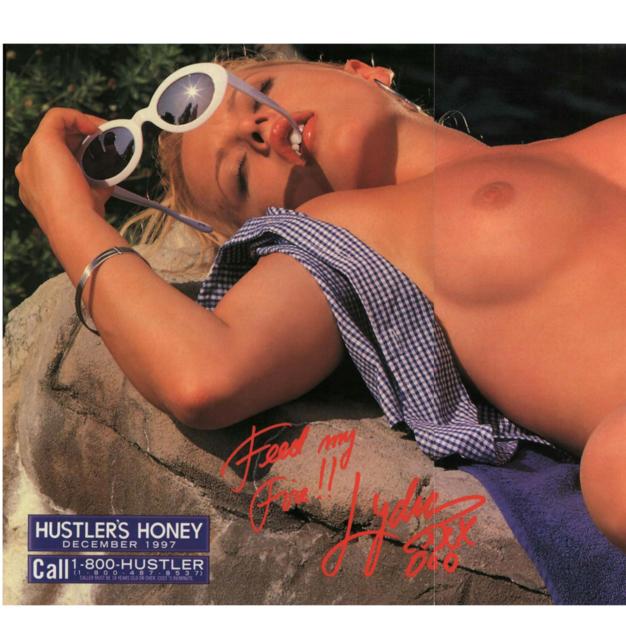


















A six-year-old boy walked into a saloon and said to the barmaid, "Give me a scotch on the rocks."

"You're just a kid," said the barmaid. "Do you want to get me in trouble?"

"Maybe in a couple of years," replied the boy. "But in the meantime, I'd still like that drink."

Question: When are beer and your mother-in-law at their best?

Answer: When they're cold, opened and on the table.

An old-timer walked into a cathouse and told the madam that he wanted a girl.

The madam looked at the guy and said, "Okay, it'll cost you \$75."

Outraged, the old man shook his walker and exclaimed, "Seventy-five dollars! You've gotta be putting me on!"

"Putting you on," said the madam, "will be \$25 extra."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *hiccups* as: a country girl's brassiere.

One day, during a lesson on proper grammar, the teacher asked for a show of hands for who could use the word *beautiful* in the same sentence twice.

First, the teacher called on little Suzie, who responded with, "My father bought my mother a beautiful dress, and she looked beautiful in it."

"Very good, Suzie," replied the teacher.

She then called on little Michael.

"My mommy planned out a beautiful banquet, and it turned out beautifully," answered the boy.

"That was an excellent sentence, Michael," responded the teacher.

Then she called on little Johnny, who replied, "Last night, at the dinner table, my sister told my father that she was pregnant, and he said, 'Beautiful, just fucking beautiful.'"

A little guy was sitting next to a big guy in a bar and said, "Hey, wanna hear a good Polack joke?"

The big guy frowned and answered, "I just happen to be Polish. You see those two big guys at that end of the bar? Polish. That mean lookin' son-of-a-bitch bartender, he's Polish too. Do you still want to tell your Polish joke?"

The little guy looked around and said, "Nope."

"What's the matter?" asked the big guy. "Are you afraid that we'll beat the shit out of you?"

The little guy looked up at him and said, "No, I just don't want to have to explain the punch line four times."

Placing his stethoscope to a young woman's chest, the doctor said, "Big breaths, dear."

She smiled and said proudly, "Yeth, and I'm not even thixteen yet!"

Question: What were Davy Crockett's last words?

Answer: "Where the fuck did all these gardeners come from?"

A pregnant woman was caught in the cross fire of a bank holdup and shot three times in the belly.

At the hospital, her doctor said, "You're going to be fine, but you're pregnant with triplets, and each child will be born with a bullet in its stomach. Don't worry. Someday the bullets will pass out of their bodies naturally."

Fifteen years later, one of the boys came home and said, "Guess what, Mom. I went to the bathroom today, and a bullet came out."

His mother told him not to worry and explained the story of the holdup.

Another of the boys arrived home and said, "You're not gonna believe this, but I went to the bathroom today, and I passed a bullet."

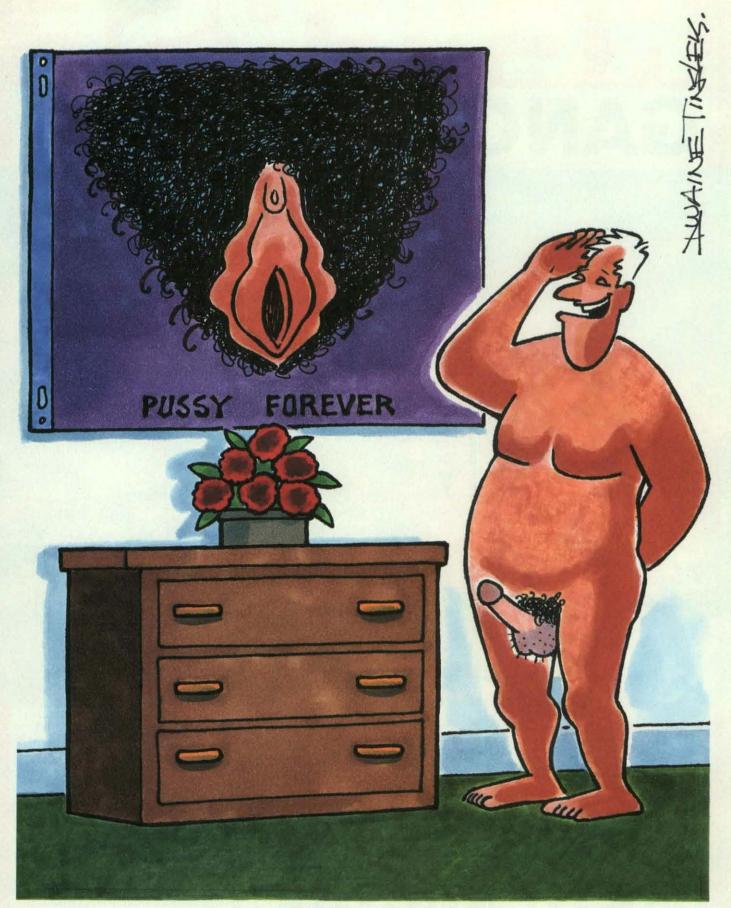
The mother smiled at the second son, told him not to worry and explained the story again.

Just then the third son came running into the living room yelling that something awful had happened.

His mom said, "Let me guess. You went to the bathroom, and you passed a bullet?"

The son shook his head and said, "No, I was jerking off, and I just shot the dog."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"I pledge allegiance to the flag...."

# REVERSE GANG-BANG 101



# THE MAKING OF JON DOUGH'S THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD

A BEDSIDE MONITORING BY SCOTT SMITH

> PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Porn actor/director Jon Dough steels his member for a mass boning of 101 quivering quims in the upcoming Vivid Video and HUSTLER joint venture, *The Luckiest Man in the World*. Can the prince of porn keep packing until the chafed finale, or will his efforts ultimately finish half-cocked? HUSTLER brings the raw truth from the set.

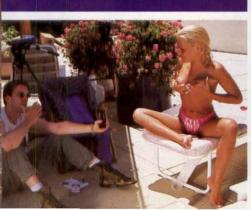




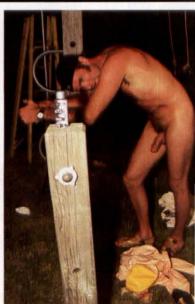
(clockwise from top) Iron man Jon Dough plows into the first batch in his day's work; Dough dribbles on a daisy ring of dolls; halfway through, Jon flexes his body's most powerful muscle; 85 bones in, Dough looks finished, but he's not done; Dough, dick in hand, with the end in sight; Scott Smith, HUSTLER's hardest-working Associate Editor, spares all effort in covering this story of courage, stamina and vision.



(opposite page) One man provides wieners for all comers.







# Following the blowjob gauntlet, Dough charges into the lightning round, bending the starlets over the tennis net and giving each an individual beef injection from the rear.

On a sun-scorched April morning in 1997, a lone figure saunters casually onto the Los Angelean field of battle and into the hearts of his countrymen. He wears Tevas, Black Flys, number 15 sunblock and little else. The odds are against him. The man smiles, clenches the unlit Cohiba tighter in his teeth and strides up the hill.

This modern day Priapus, a man of few words and Herculean appetites, is none other than Jon Dough, the Tiger Woods of adult entertainment. A man who today is shooting for a 101. Women, that is.

On the set of the new HUSTLER/Vivid Video adult feature, *The Luckiest Man in the World*, Dough's objective borders on delusional: He must screw 101 porn stars on film in 24 hours.

The setting is a sleek, postmodern palace in the Hollywood Hills. Rumor has it that publishing heir Gunther, the owner of the estate, routinely rents out his luxurious spread for such cinematic fuckfests. Gunther lounges serenely on a balcony overlooking his vast swimming pool, the fish pond surrounded by a stone grotto, the tennis court and the solid-oak jungle gym with its custom-made sex swing. He watches the goings-on below with avid interest.

By 10:00 a.m. the legions of porn-star pulchritude have arrived. Dozens of cos-

metically enhanced and socially challenged black, white and Latina beauties mill about on the verdant lawn, adjusting their lacy G-strings, teasing their hair and chain smoking. The girls head toward the bathroom for a pre-Dough douche, swaying drunkenly as their six-inch heels plunge into the soft grass.

As well as starring in the production, lucky man Jon Dough has also assumed the mantle of director. To the uninitiated, directing porn stars might sound like a dream gig. The unfortunate reality is a constant chaos that results from trying to orchestrate the talent.

Case in point: the poolside lineup. When Dough tells the girls to line up at the pool's edge, his simple instructions are met with a chorus of confusion.

"That pool?"

"Where?"

"Do we line up?"

"Now?"

Setting up an opening shot on the tennis court, Dough struggles to get the girls to hit their cues. Having given each girl a tennis ball, Dough stands on one side of the net and hollers, "Throw them all at me when I count to three!" The perplexed porn stars look at one another questioningly, check out one another's nails and fiddle with their hair. After an eternity of

three-counts, the gaggle of beauties finally gives Dough a solid pelting.

Seeing the writing on the wall, Dough makes an executive decision to break the entire shooting into segments. The girls will do the scenes in small groups.

On the tennis court, the first batch of girls hangs around, waiting for instructions. HUSTLER Photographer Clive McLean suggests that, for the opening shot, Dough "line all the girls in a row, bent over the net, with tennis balls jammed in their asses, like you just served them up."

A huddle of "talent managers" lurks off-camera. Their sleazebag cologne and open-necked sport shirts differentiate the porn pimps from the production staff, who resemble a metal band's road crew as they hurry to their designated positions. The game is on.

Carolina, a twisted, girl-next-door type, shoves her disposable camera into the hands of an onlooker, begging, "Will you get a picture when he's fucking me, I mean, really fucking me?" The young man too happily obliges, attacking his assignment with the exuberance of Edward R. Murrow during the Blitz.

Dough summons a pair of his henchwomen, two diminutive sex kittens, one black and one white, clad in black-leather bikinis and strap-on dildos. Their job is to occupy the girls' pussies as they wait for Dough's attentions—a job which they attack with gusto. After receiving "blowjobs" from each lady-in-waiting, the lusty Lilliputians bend each girl over the tennis net for a latex bonejob.

Suddenly, in a scene that could have been stripped from any 16-year-old male's subconscious, 20 women hit their knees, anxiously awaiting their chance to gobble Dough's knob. Blow by blow, Dough endures this fantasy gone awry under the blazing sun, frequently pausing to slather on sunblock and douse his overheated tool with cool water.

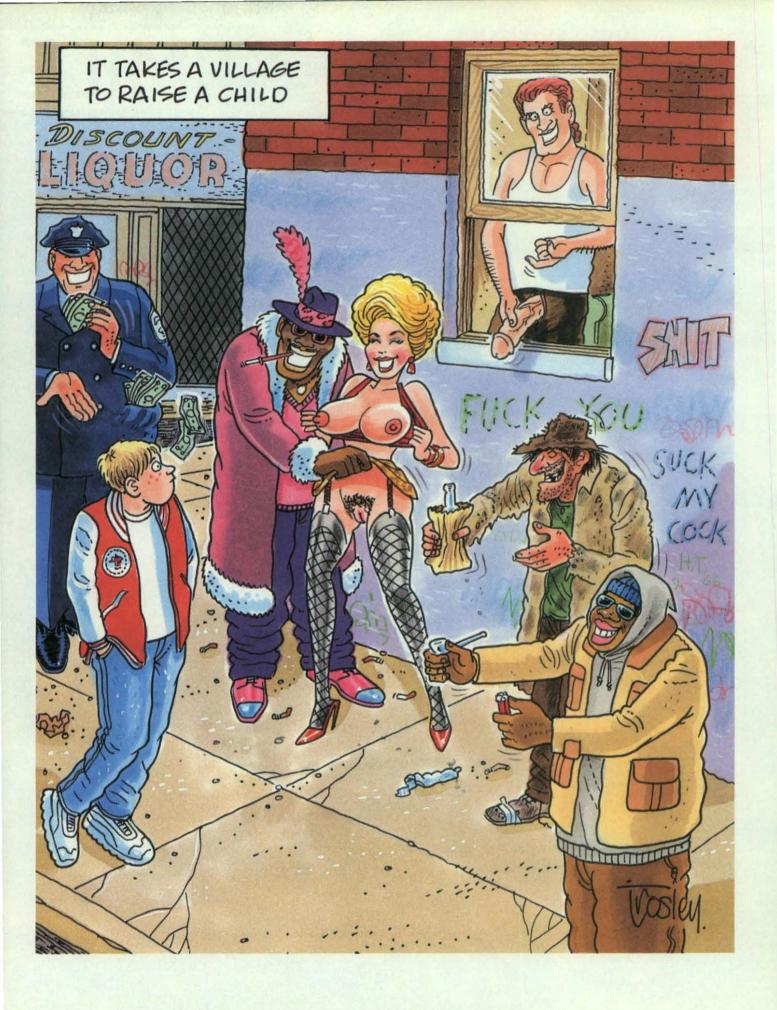
Following the blowjob gauntlet, Dough charges into the lightning round, bending the starlets over the tennis net and giving each an individual beef injection from the rear.

By noon, Dough is well into his first case of lube and almost finished with round one. With only four ladies left in the first batch, Dough lets forth a tremendous moan and blows his seed all over and into the incomparable porn goddess Sindee Coxx, whose lovely smile almost overshadows her killer body. Sindee bats her doe eyes, smiles and says, referring to the dollops of man glop on her baby-

(continued on page 102)



"It ain't gonna work, man. She said there's no way you'll ever come in her mouth!"





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# Dough Also impatient for her slice of Dough is nasty porn newcomer Mila, who straddles a lounge chair, throws back her bleach-blond mane and frantically fucks herself with an enormous dildo.

doll mug, "I guess I was just too much for him.

The remaining girls are herded onto the next set: a volleyball court erected on the lawn. The lovelies are instructed to hit inflatable fuck dolls back and forth across the net. Attempts at keeping score are abandoned.

The overbaked Dough chooses the role of spectator at this surreal sports event, lounging in a courtside deck chair while his prick is slurped and sucked by a colorful array of lips and tongues. This is a prelude in the main event. Dough will bestow each girl with his patented fouror five-minute hosing.

During the volley-fuck-doll game, one of the starlets crawls on her hands and knees, gagging from a tonsil collision with Jon's Dough maker. Julie Rage rages about a missing pack of smokes, and Red Hot Chili Peppers' guitarist Dave Navarro wanders onto the scene.

Covering the shoot for Gen-X rag Bikini, Navarro gives off the quiet cool that only a true rock star can, the kind of cool that enables one to wear black leather in the Valley when the mercury is snuggling up to 100°. Navarro's presence merely confirms the magnitude of the occasion.

Dave wanders off into a copse of

woods on the estate with lovely Jacklyn Lick and her associate, Deva Station. It may have been perfectly innocent, as was the tone of the day.

The shoot is temporarily halted. A loud crunching heralds the equipment truck's new parking space atop the camera cases.

It is early afternoon. Dough calls for a lunch break and heads inside for a quick shower. The ladies teeter downstairs to a catered meal consisting of potato salad, ham, chicken and other edibles that spoil rapidly when not refrigerated.

Inside Gunther's glass-and-blond-wood mansion, a crew member has fallen asleep in the middle of the living-room floor. Around his limp body, filming surges ahead on an interior scene. Assorted lovelies seated on a pale-blue, wraparound sofa devour Dough's meat in assembly-line style.

Monti, one of the girls in the scene, asks to suck first, as she has a terrible stomach ache. She looks very pale, clenches her stomach and moans audibly. Monti is becoming a visible bummer on the set. She is, though, a professional and manages to complete her scene before clamping her hand to her mouth and scrambling from the room.

After lunch, Dough takes a crack at one of the film's more high-concept scenes, where he will visually reproduce his personal theory on hooking up with women.

Perched on a rock by a small pond, Dough uses a fishing rod baited with a dildo to "catch" the porn actresses standing in waist-deep water. Dough dangles the prosthetic penis enticingly over the artificial lagoon, proving ultimately that an eight-inch, white French tickler is the best lure to reel in the tattooed temptress Jacklyn Lick.

Boxes of rubber rafts and other inflatable pool equipment sit on a picnic table next to the pond. Someone suggests getting an air compressor to pump them up as additional props. One of the Hessian cameramen responds, "We've got, like, 50 girls here who all blow for a living. Let them do it."

As the next 16 ladies wait for Dough to plunder their love vaults, the conversation turns to skin color and genetic dispersion theory. The poonany panelists conclude that industrial civilization is largely a result of comfort, and, although no one knows what part Eskimos play in the gene pool, they allegedly have 37 words for lube.

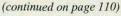
Dough orders another break in filming. A number of crucial crew members are missing, having adjourned to one of the vans with a few accommodating cast members.

By the time things are back on track, a whole new bevy of beauties is milling about, awaiting their taste of the poppin' fresh Dough boy.

Black porn girl Octavia tires of all the standing around, yelling, "Let's go! I'm gonna get blueballs!" She accidentally sits on an anthill. Noticing the ants swarming through the cleft between her legs, Octavia bolts to her feet, lets out a bloodcurdling scream and runs to the bathroom, slapping at her thighs and crotch.

Also impatient for her slice of Dough is nasty porn newcomer Mila, who straddles a lounge chair, throws back her bleachblond mane and frantically fucks herself with an enormous dildo as big around as a can of oil. Her heaving orgasm is accompanied by a geyser of mystery fluid, which she steadfastly maintains is not urine. "So many of the guys think I'm peeing on them, but I'm not," she states emphatically.

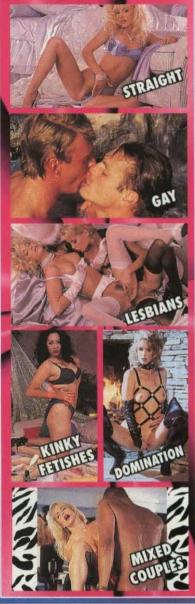
Mila is one of the more self-actualized women in porn: "I don't want just one or two strokes in my pussy," she says, grabbing her labes and giving them a firm pull. "I need to be wrecked. You have to fucking wreck that cunt. I come; I squirt; I get into my psycho behavior. I never have





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# STRAIGHT FEMALES

#65482 - Linda, 5'7", grn eyes, I am hot, wet and horny. You won't be able to keep up with me. I'm looking for someone with a great tongue. I have 38C tits with round nipples. I have a 27 inch waist. My main fetish is receiving oral sex. I like to give it but rather receive. I can go for

#33620 - Diana, 39, 5'10", 150lbs. and very beautiful. Very nice 36C breasts. I like to be ravished with gifts to show how much you worship me. I am not a professional.

#64201 - Rachel, WF, 5'6", 117lbs. D cup, small waist and blond, I have quarter size nipples and a shaved pussy. I love anal sex. I need a well hung man that loves to be sucked.

#10041 - Sherry - I'm the black woman of your dreams. I have a tight little ass and love to take it up there. I love to be eaten and fucked all night long.

#10040 - Lisa, BF, 5'2". I'm a big bottomed girl who just loves to put out for you. I've got big tits and ass. Dynamite comes in small packages.

#47529 - Diana, 5'10", 150bls, blond hair and green eyes. 36C and firm tits. I like to be lavished and appreciated. I am looking for a generous WM. I like to be tied up, role play and possibly more than

#10223 - Susan, 4'11", brn hr/eye 185lbs. I like a guy with a big dick to fill my big pussy. I got a big butt and love to fuck. I like riding guys doggy style.

#78540 - Babette. I am from France. I have blond hair, large breasts, and lovely muscular legs. I have 34C breasts and a slim waist. I like to have sex in front of others. I like to show my body to complete strangers. I love to be spanked and dominated and tied up with my arms above my head. Please me with your cock in my mouth.

### GAY MALES

#84928 - White male 5'10" 200lbs, hairy body. Big size cock, good looking with a receding hairline. Has 44 in chest, 37 in waist. Large thighs. Fairly muscular, 6 in cut, cock. Likes to do anything, no pain or water sports. Will take it in throat, and ass. Top and bottom. Whatever you want.

#87057 - Justin. 6' 195lbs, muscular, blond long hair. My cock is 8" and I like to stroke it. My firm ass loves to be touched and played with and I like to suck cock and have cocks up my ass. I want nice guys with big cocks who like to suck and fuck every day. I like to talk nasty.

#82935 - Dan. 5' 10" 175lbs, nice build, likes hairy men who are well built and well endowed. I'm 8.5 inches very thick with big petruding veins. Nice round ass that likes to get fucked. I want to have a 3 way. Anything goes sessions that last 3 to 4 hours, 3 to 4 times a week.

#77766 - Frank 19 yrs old, 6'2" 140lbs, very slender likes to work out. 7 inch dick that likes to be sucked. Will give head to guys and will fuck all night long.

# BISEXUAL FEMALES

#24831 - Regina. Lt skin, brn hr/grn eyes. 5'2" full-figured. Nice white breasts with tiny pink nipples. My clit is hot and dripping. I haven't had sex in a long time I love oral sex. I need a man or woman to go down on me. My pussy is so hot. I am looking for a partner who can give me what I want.

#79280 - Laurie, 40, WF, blnd hr 5'5", 38-30-38. Nice tan. Very friendly. Nice plush ass with a shaved pussy. Just waiting to rub it up against someone. I am very bicurious. I would love to suck a big plush black girl.

#79777 - Brittany, brn hr/eyes, 5'1", 120lbs. 21 yr old BF.36C tits. I'm looking for my 1st experience. I want it to be very kinky.

## LESBIANS

#83939 - Wanda, black, full figured woman with 44 DD tits, big legs and thighs. Big black nipples that stand erect, a hot, big pussy and a large clit that likes to be sucked on. I want it any time and I love to eat pussy.

#83337 - Amy, 5'2" black female, who wants another woman of any race. Has a 36E chest, 23" waist, nice round ass that shakes very sexy when I walk. My big clit stays hot and wet when I go down on women. I love to be eaten.

#83017 - Jennifer 5'5", full figured, white female. Big tits. Shaved pussy. My ass is tasty, big, soft and round. I want to be with a woman with big tits (not too thin) who will lick pussy and ass hole.

#11621 - Kelly 30 yrs old 5'2". Nice body and is hungry for a woman. My pussy is hairy and trimmed just right. I want it often and will do anything for you as well as be your sex slave.

# TRANSVESTITES

#40793 - Debbie. I'm an Italian brunette who is 5'8" 130 lbs. 36D tits and I have a clean shaven pussy that likes it in the ass.

#35339 - Marie, Long blond hr/grn eyes. Big sexy lips, perfect size to wrap around your hard dick. My 38DD breast can be rubbed all over your cock and ass.

#### COUPLES

#86048 - Candy 5'7" 125lbs, hr br/br eyes. 36-26-36. Happily married but wants to watch another woman is 8-9 in and cut. He has a washboard stomach, 44" chest. blnd hr, blue eyes. I want another woman to start servicing him, then I'll join

#79877 - Doug & Cindy. Into having 3-4 guys do Cindy while I watch. I am 6' 2 with Ig dick. She likes to fuck. She needs a lot of big dicks to satisfy her.

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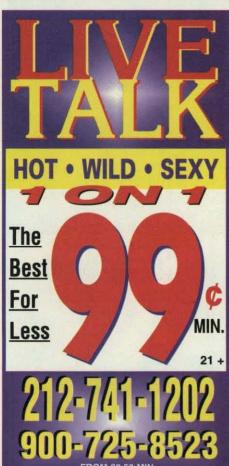
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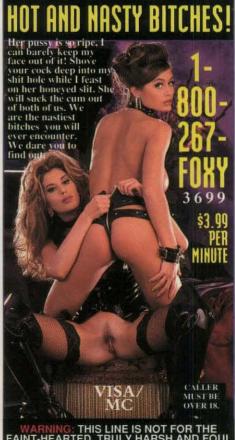




















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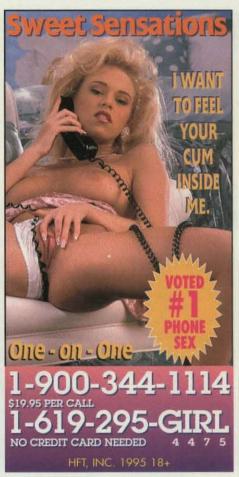




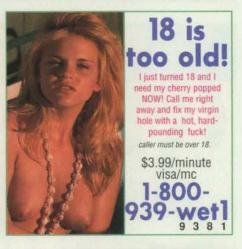


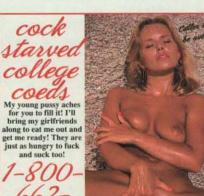


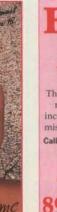




















































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# Dough "Jon Dough has so much sexual energy! It is incredible to work with him. All the hot naked girls have me totally aroused, buns and boobs everywhere. There's so much pussy here, I can barely control myself!"

sex off-camera because it's just not satisfying enough. I like the shock that I get from people when I do stuff. I love the camera. I love the people who watch."

While Mila is chitchatting, the next shot is underway. A 25-girl lineup by the barbeque pit prepares to sample Dough's lunch meat. Among the cast is Sofia Staks, a woman with fake tits so large that while their top halves are frying in the sun, her lower body relaxes in shade. Also present is Sinderella, an 80-pound waif who brings to mind file footage of Nazi atrocities and the phrase "death warmed over."

In view of the talent pool, it is heartening to run into unjaded newcomers, such as Chloe and Sunny, both young, beautiful and bursting with personality.

Sunny smiles gleefully and spouts, "Jon Dough has so much sexual energy! It is incredible to get to work with him. All the hot naked girls have me totally aroused, buns and boobs everywhere. There's so much pussy here, I can barely control myself!"

The barbeque scene is temporarily halted when the girls notice alarming swashes of what looks like blood spreading across their sweaty bodies. Fucking in the springtime sun atop cheap, checkered tablecloths is leaving the offending smears of red ink across the sweaty backsides. While the pigment is being wiped from a row of bountiful butt cheeks, one starlet is overheard telling onlooker and freelance porn dick Dave Hardman, "Shut up. I bet I get more pussy than you do."

Shooting resumes. Dough bends the girls one by one over a poolside bar to give them the business. Whether it's the prowess of his prick or the stifling heat of the San Fernando Valley, each girl wobbles unsteadily after her respective scene.

Chloe, an auburn-haired sprite who is new to the adult industry, looks forward to being in the last scene with Dough. "I'm gonna be hung up from my ankles on the jungle gym. I love that. I love bondage. My whole house is a dungeon. Just this week my boyfriend and I got rid of the last of our regular furniture. I just bought a gynecological chair, with stirrups. I'm putting it where the diningroom table used to be."

As the sun begins to set over the Hollywood Hills, seven scenes have been shot, and the girl tally is 86. The wind picks up, and the light is fading as the crew endeavors to set up one last shot, which takes place on a deluxe jungle gym tricked out with the latest S&M accoutrements.

The last batch of women includes Chloe, Ruby, Lana Sands and the legendary Jeanna Fine, looking like a taller, hotter, more heterosexual Joan Jett. At least until she dons a strap-on.

Even in the dwindling light, there is no mistaking Jon Dough. His skin, top to bottom, is an angry red.

Shooting is commencing when one of the girls insists that Dough use a condom. He realizes that his box of safes is somewhere near the pool area, which is now enveloped in blackness. Crew members spread out with flashlights.

One of the girls takes advantage of the unexpected break by tossing back a few cocktails.

Casting her eye at the boy toy beside her, a bored Jeanna Fine announces, "I'd like a cup of coffee now." The young buck nods, vacantly concurring that, "Yeah, a coffee would be good." Jeanna smiles and repeats her desire more firmly. Looking as if he'd been suddenly slapped across the face, the kid takes off for the lunch table at a dead run.

The condoms are discovered just as Clive McLean points out that no anal scenes have been shot yet. Like shillings from heaven, English porn girls Hayley-Jane and Warner arrive and volunteer for the dirty-hole job. Dough assists Hayley-Jane into a swing-type harness and proceeds to plumb the depths of her colon.

As Dough anally probes the British lasses, the other women in the scene engage in a lesbian pig pile. Chloe loudly moans as Jeanna Fine stuffs her with the strap-on. Lana Sands, sporting a rubber schlong, is searching for a lone beaver to cleave.

Warner stammers in awe at Dough's stamina. "What does he think about to last so long? He's doing me up the bum, but he's probably got a picture in his head of his mum doing the washing!"

With the single-minded determination of a machine, Dough plows the final 15 women...98. He helps them into the chair, briefly eats their pussies, then gingerly eases his swollen, chafed member...99...in and out as much as he can stand...100.

Looking down at Ruby, girl number 101, Dough brightens. Tears are streaming down his cheeks. Several members of the crowd are openly sobbing. Dough pumps furiously as the clapping starts, slow at first, then building into a thunderous roar.

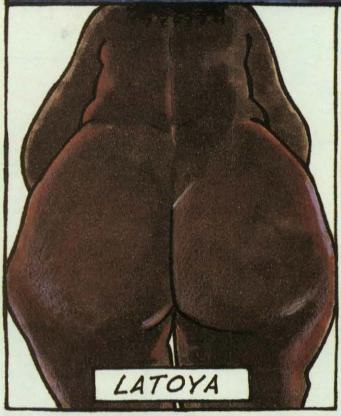
Dough wipes his brow, pulls out his tortured schlong and eeks out his eighth nut of the day. The scents of victory and quiff fill the night air.

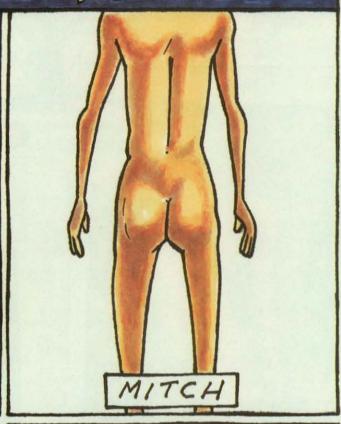
Slumping into a lounge chair, the indefatigable Dough brandishes a Cohiba and asks, "Anybody got a light?"





# ASSES OF WASHINGTON











Jenny, a 21-year-old bartender from Green Bay, Wisconsin, is a huge fan of comic books, antique dolls and, presumably, body art. Her fantasy is to be orally satisfied by a strange man in a very public place. How about the lobby of the Flynt building?

Photo by Friend

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over years of age? The 1997 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1997 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers

win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property



Behind that radiant smile is 24-year-old Alisha, an animal breeder who calls Grants Pass, Oregon, home. Alisha's hobbies include jet skiing, hiking, animals and working out. Her fantasy is to hike to the top of a snowy mountain with two women and, together, the three of them could melt some snow while Alisha's husband takes pictures. What a woman!

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Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)



Jodi is an entertainer from Phoenix, Arizona. Only 24 years old, this lovely young lady's hobbies are studying Jashindo, watching movies and enjoying candlelit dinners. Her dream is to share another woman with her boyfriend. Hopefully this will not bother her husband.

Photo by Husband

Dream girl Melinda is a 24-year-old waitress from Dayton, Ohio. When she's not swimming, boating or water-skiing, this siren entertains thoughts of having wild Melinda looks like she'd have no problem drawing a Photo by Husband





Pamela, a 24-year-old student from Louisville, Kentucky, lists no sexual fantasies and "elegant evenings out" as her hobby. Don't get too excited, HUSTLER readers; this little filly is taken.

Photo by Husband



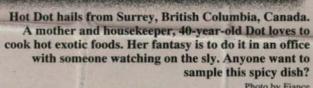


Photo by Fiance



Thinking pink is 28-year-old Faith from Bellmawr, New Jersey. Faith is an exotic dancer with a passion for lifting weights, dancing, movies and fast cars. The thought of having steamy sex in front of an audience really gets Faith off. Perhaps one girl named Hope and one named Charity?



Scarlette is a dancer from Wharton, New Jersey. The 21year-old poet/philosopher/writer longs to engage in a threesome with her boyfriend and one of her fellow go-go Photo by Friend



This 23-year-old beauty is Shenttele from Ontario, Canada. A dancer and model, Shenttele is also an avid skier. Her fantasy is to make love in a cove during a thunderstorm. Shenttele is seen here desperately fighting the effects of gravity on those earrings. Photo by Friend





Say hello to Zeena, a 23-year-old student and self-avowed Satanist from Chicago, Illinois. When she's not reading or worshiping her dark lord, Zeena fantasizes about having sex with her fiance and two beautiful women in a graveyard. Memo to fiance: She's a keeper.

Photo by Fiance

When she's not dancing her way into hearts across the Southland, Misty from San Bernardino, California, likes in-line skating, nude hiking, swimming and gardening. Having sex in the rain by a stream in the mountains would make this 32-year-old wet, figuratively as well as literally.

Photo by Husband





A model of relaxation is Oasis from Fairfax, Virginia. The 25-year-old publicist likes to hike, camp and run her Web site. Oasis's ultimate fantasy would be to splash naked in the fountain at a mall during the Christmas shopping rush. That would make for some very happy holidays! Photo by Boyfriend

Far from the camera, but close to our hearts, is 33-yearold Taylor, a customer-service rep from Lake Villa, Illinois. Dancing, boating and reading are her hobbies, but most of Taylor's time is spent dreaming about being seduced on the back of a Harley. For degree of difficulty, Taylor gets a nine. Photo by Friend





Equally attractive in her nurse's whites or out, Falisha is a 33year-old caregiver hailing from Aurora, Colorado. Her hobbies are dancing, bike riding and eating chocolate. Thinking about getting sudsed up at a car wash is what turns Falisha on. Remember, Falisha, if you need anyone to wash your back.... Photo by Boyfriend

This sly-looking Beaver is 25-year-old Lilah, a jackof-all-trades from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Lilah's favorite pastimes are playing ball, in-line skating, giving head and "hard fucking." Her dream is to go down on another woman while her boyfriend looks on. Assume the wishbone position, Lilah, you saucy little vixen!

Photo by Boyfriend

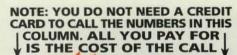




A teacher from Kent, Washington, Little Red maintains her svelte physique by running and working out. When she's not book learnin' the young 'uns, Red fantasizes about reaching "orgasim" in a crowded "resteraunt." No wonder the Japs are killin' us.

Photo by Fiance







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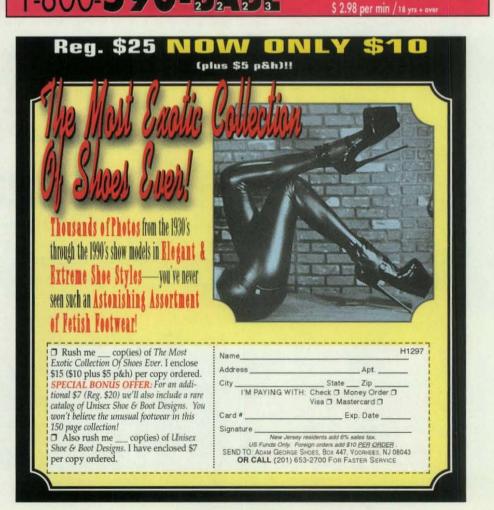














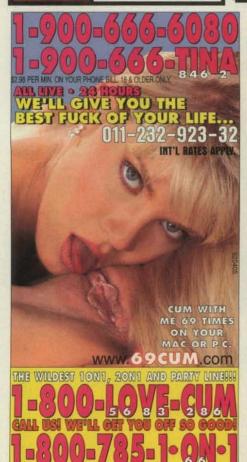






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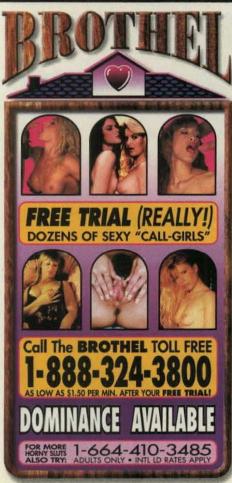














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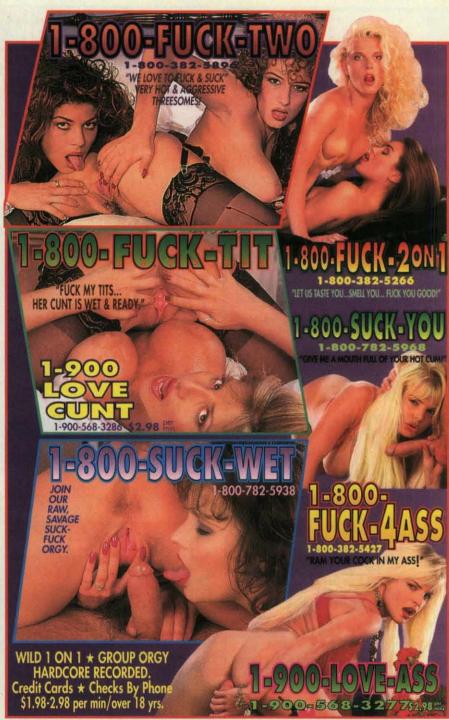
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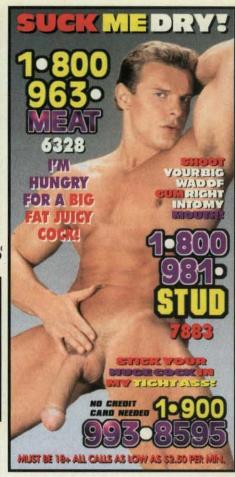
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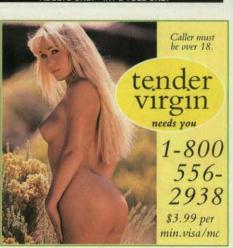






















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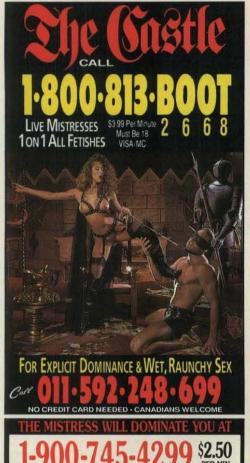
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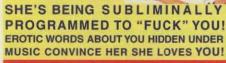
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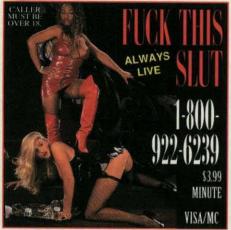


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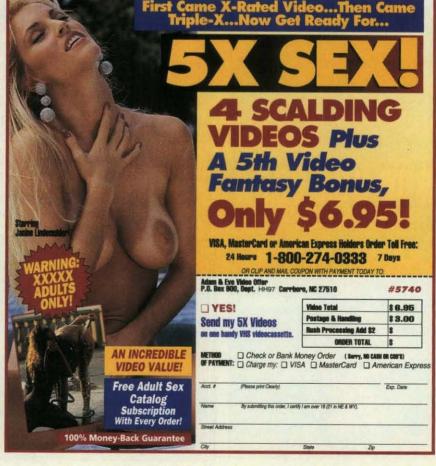


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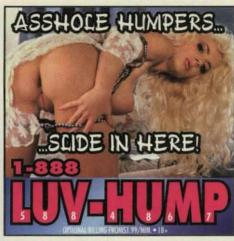
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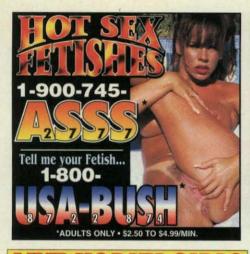
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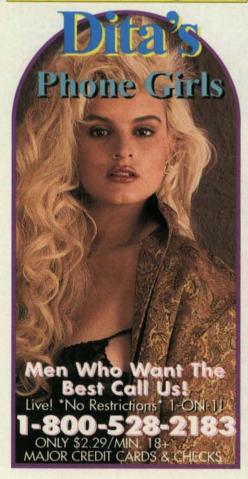










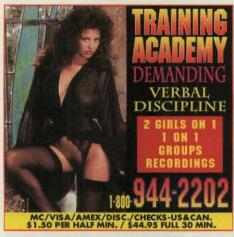
















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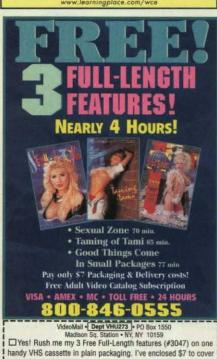
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25 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS GO MINUTES



STRETCHED ASSHOLES AND OPEN MOUTHS SET COVERED IN

2 CUM SPLATTERING, FACE DRENCHING HOURS



BEAUTIFUL FARMGIRLS REVEAL THEIR

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THEGAY E = 1 (S )

BIZZARE GAY SEX, HOT BATHROOM FANTASIES, HAIR FETISH, UNCUT **COCKS AND** 

40 VIDEO VOLUMES \* ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES



HORNY MILK-MAIDS DRAIN THER TITS OVER COCKS, WET PUSSIES AND THORT



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**GOLDEN SHOWERS, TOILET FAN-**TASIES, DRIPPING SNATCH, ANAL SEX, ORAL AND FACIAL CUMSHOTS AND MORE! KINKY, WILD SEX!

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DEEPEST SEXUAL SECRETS IN STUNNINGLY KINKY SCENE AFTER SCENE!



VIRCIN ASSES FINGERS AND MASSIVE COCKS! SHOTSY

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FIRST TIME LOVERS GET THEIR FILLED WITH CUM! KINKY!

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FEATURES DILDO FUCKING, PUSSY EAT-ING, FINGER BANGING

30 VIDED VOLUMES • ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES



# 18"COCKS, DOUBLE

DICKS, HUMONGO 3" INCH NIPPLES

50 VIDEO VOLUMES \* ALL VIDEOS SO MINUTES





GUYS SUCK COCK & EAT PUSSY! BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO LOVE GAY MEN! ASS FUCKING AND MODEL 35 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS 60 MINUTES



25 VIDEO VOLUMES \* ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES





# BTSI



SNOODLING, FORE-SKIN MUNCHING. ORAL CUMSHOTS AND MOREI



THESE WOMEN GET PAID TO DO ONE THING... FUCKI ANALS, ORALS, GANG BANG, LOTS OF CUM!

PORNO

PROSTITUTES

20 VIDEO VOLUMES - ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES



LEATHER QUEENS TAKE CHARGE OF PARTNERS! BOOT LICKING, LEATHER TOYS AND I SHOTS

20 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES

# MALES

GUYS WITH TITS, WOMEN WITH WET PUSSIES AND MASSIVE, HARD COCKS, MEN WHO SUCK COCK & EAT CUM, BI-SEXUAL LOVERS! HUNDRED OF SCENES FEATURING THE ULTIMATE IN KINK!

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BLACK COCKS, WHITE COCKS. 8", 10", 12" COCKS - ALL **PUSSY AT THE** 

20 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES

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AMATEUR ACTRESSES DOING THINGS NO ONE ELSE WILL DO OR EVEN SHOW! ANALS, ORAL & FACIAL CUMSHOTS! AND MORE!

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2 INCREDIBLE HOURS OF CUM SPRAYING COCKS



COUPLES
CAUGHT IN THE
ACTI SUCKING
COCK, EATING
PUSSY, FUCK-30 VIDEO VOLUMES + ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES



60 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS 60 MINUTES

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30 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES

TOTAL ORDER

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TOTAL ORDER



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35 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES

40 VIDEO VOLUMES . ALL VIDEOS 30 MINUTES



GIRLS WITH HUGE PUSSIES



GIRLS WITH GEST, GAPING PUSSIES YOU'VE EVER YOU'VE EVER SEEN FILL THEIR OPEN LOVE HOLES WITH ANY THING AND EVERYTHING THAT WILL FIT! YOU WON'T WON'T BELIEVE

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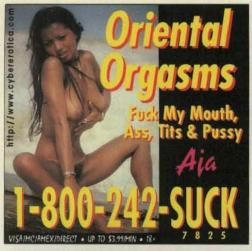
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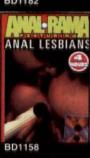




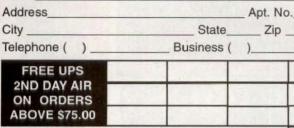














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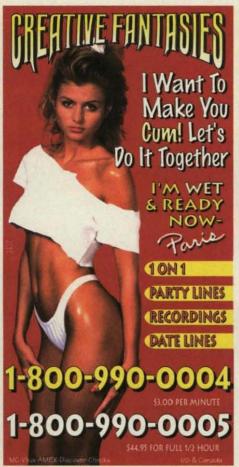
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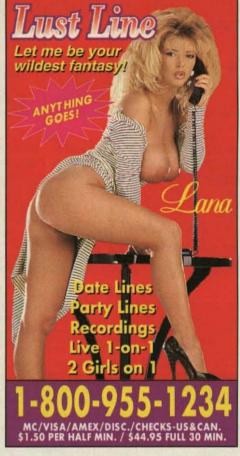
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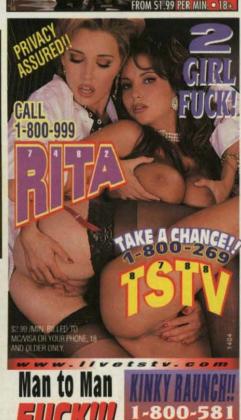










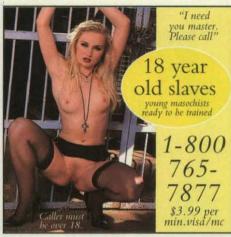




















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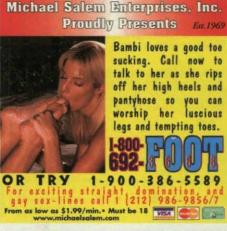
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## Crüe Hundreds of girls file by, raising their rearends high, mashing their freshly sprouted breasts against the table edge, gazing up with squishy, achy-pussy smiles. "You guys are so rad!"

still smells faintly of perfume.

Mars breaks the silence. "Thank God I left Indiana," he says. "Where I grew up, the only life was getting fat, driving a tractor, growing corn and raising hogs.'

The Roseland show ends with Mötley Crüe slumped dejectedly in their dressing room, feeling that, despite the enthusiastically mindless slamming in the crowd, the performance was off.

Vince has the added problem that while stepping off the stage, his girlfriend rushed him from behind for a hug and got a shiner instead as he suddenly flipped his hair back.

Heidi sits behind him on the dressingroom chair, nursing her boo-boo. "You really hurt my eye," Heidi sulks, making a pouty face.

Across the room, Nikki peels off his leather shorts and wraps himself in a towel, eliciting a frightening scream from Heidi. "Goddammit! I just saw Nikki's balls. I'm getting the hell out of here!"

As Heidi runs from the room, a tour assistant pops his head in. Sebastian Bach, the lead singer of the formerly popular glam-metal unit Skid Row, is outside the door. He wants to say hello.

"How is he?" Lee asks.

"He seems pretty sober," answers the

tour assistant. He moves aside as Bach zigzags into the room waving his mane of hair. "You guys put on a wicked show! Nikki, I thought you were too rich to stage-dive, bro!"

"How've you been?" Lee asks, slapping his palm.

"Great, man! Fucking great." Bach slumps down into a chair. "The truth is, terrible. My band kicked me out. I'm broke, and some Hell's Angel dude just punched me in the nose." Bach gingerly touches his face with both hands. "It should be bleeding, but it's not."

Mötley Crüe arrive at Tower Records at midnight. A crowd of nearly 1,000 curls around the store, waiting to buy Generation Swine. The Crüe sit at a table and sign for their fans.

"Lee, man, I'm an engineer, and I designed a drum kit for you," sputters a wiry teenager approaching the table. He raises a camera and tries snapping a picture, unsuccessfully.

"Dude, you've got to wind the camera." Lee takes it from his hands and snaps the picture for him.

"Oh, my friggin' God!" a group of chicks from Long Island hysterically screech from the rear. Hundreds of girls file by, raising their rearends high, mashing their freshly sprouted breasts against the table edge, gazing up with squishy, achy-pussy smiles. "You guys are so rad!"

Three hours into the signing, Nikki, exhausted from the show and what is so far a 20-hour workday, slumps back in his chair. The chair slides off the stand, and a store employee catches Sixx before he cracks his head. They prop his chair back up, and he continues to banter with the line of fans.

"It takes a lot for Nikki to say uncle," groans Dave, the tour manager. "We can't keep the Crue away from their fans.'

Tonight, for the taping of the David Letterman show, a block of 53rd Street has been closed by the New York Police Department. A stage has been erected in the middle of the road. Humid, cloudy weather has blown off by late afternoon to a blue sky. After the sound check ensures that windowpanes will rattle for a tenblock area, the Crue retreat to their cramped dressing rooms above the Ed Sullivan Theater.

Heidi Mark and Robbie-Lauren Mantooth are chatting wildly when Donna D'Errico bounces in, jiggling profusely in a white polka-dot slip. She casually vanks at a cantaloupe cup. momentarily affording a view of a silverdollar-size nip, deep burgundy against her tanned tit flesh.

When the live taping of the Letterman show pops onto the dressing-room monitor, Heidi turns catty as Dave introduces the first guest, Daisy Fuentes.

"Daisy Fuentes was right next door to us!" Heidi fumes, blond hackles rising. "She could have said hello."

"Look at those Farrah Fawcett boobs," observes another bombshell Crüe fuckmate, commenting on Fuentes's prominent nerps.

"Total doorknob nipples."

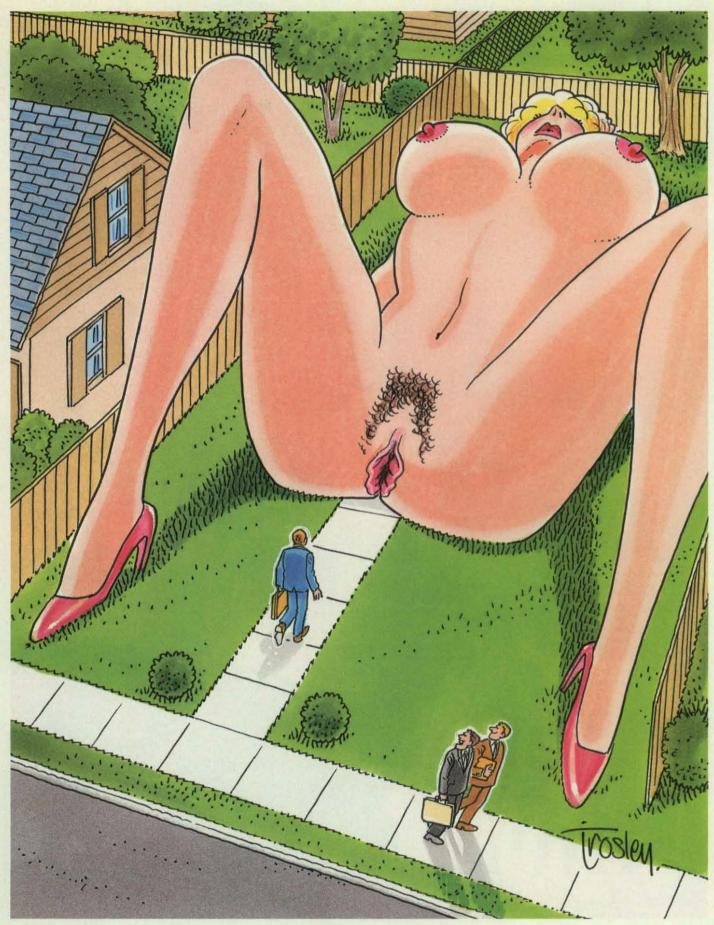
At 6:15, the peak of rush hour, the studio audience herds outside to the stage on 53rd Street. Applause explodes as Letterman introduces Mötley Crüe.

According to an agreement with CBS and the NYPD, Mötley Crüe were to stop the music at 6:30, but at 7:00, the band rages on. Sixx has taken up a bass emblazoned with a sticker saying, STOP AIDS! AIM FOR THE CHIN!

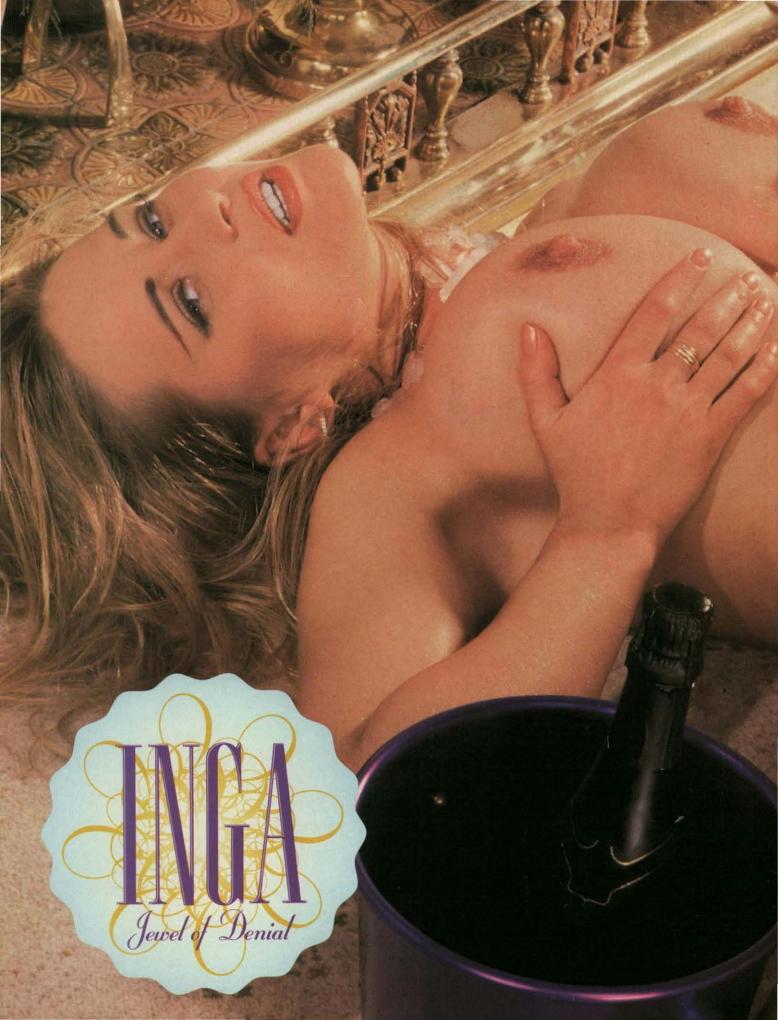
Miffed Letterman producers hop around the stage, gesturing violently to cut the music. A burgeoning crowd spills onto 53rd Street, slowing traffic on Broadway. Sixx and Neil glance at the irate Letterman suits, exchange grins and promise the crowd another song.



"I put it to you, the jury: Would you make a pass at Paula Jones?!"



"I've always loved that guy's house...."

























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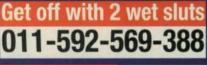


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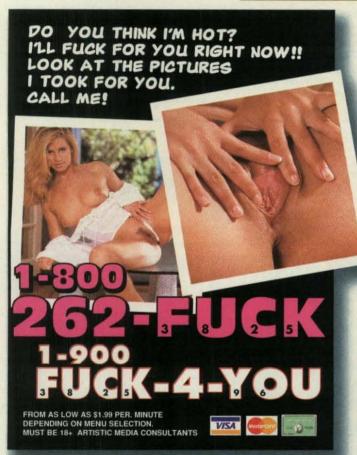
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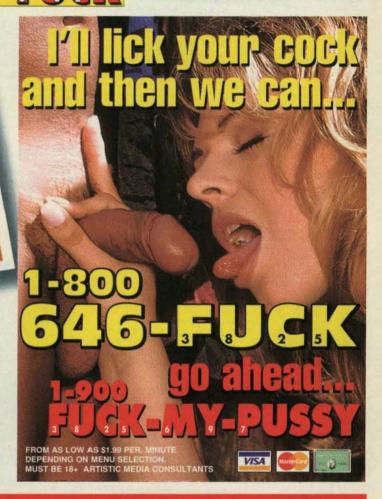












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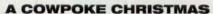




# HUSTLER.

### HO-HO-HONEYS

HUSTLER's Holiday Issue abides by the Christmas adage, "It's better to give than to receive," offering up more ultrafine, gift-wrapped Honeys than will fit under any one woodsman's tree. A leopard-skinned hottie, with huge tits and silky, brown hair, shows off her savage side; looking thoroughly eaten, a leggy brunette invites you to a lunch date of succulent clam; a buxom blonde snuggles up in bed, softly gnawing on her bombshell jugs; two nubile naughties tour a porn factory in a pussylicking, dildo-sticking lesbo funfest; and a raventressed sultress ignores piles of a family's furnishings to suck and fuck a hardworking employee of her moving company, One Slut Will Screw You. The Holiday Issue of HUSTLER is full of pretty ornaments and sugary cookies.



His songs covered by the likes of the Beatles and Ray Charles, guitar-picking legend Buck Owens is a songwriting genius and one of the stalwart guardians of the classic country sound. In *From the Streets of Bakersfield: A Honky Tonk Reminiscence With Buck Owens*, HUSTLER correspondent David Feller gets the lowdown from one of the originators of county music's West Coast sound. Relating stories about laying down tracks with recording stars as disparate as Merle Haggard and Ringo Starr, Owens also offers sharp criticism of today's crossover-hit-driven Nashville sound.

## SCROOGED

Child molestation: It's a horrific and confusing nightmare for the kids who are violated and for the parents who suffer along with their sons and daughters—but what of the sometimes falsely accused? Sean Wilson and Samantha Ferris investigate the broken lives and ruined reputations left in the path of men wrongly charged with this heinous crime. In Weachee's Lot: The Sad Anatomy of a Modern-Day Witch-Hunt, Wilson and Ferris focus on a community's need for scapegoats, the often unreliable nature of child psychiatry and the way mass hysteria gripped a small Pacific Northwest town.

### **FLEECE NAVIDAD**

In the Holiday Issue's Sex Play, correspondent Donald Vaughn examines the ins and outs of greasy sexual aids in "Slippery Fucks: A Guide to Personal Lubricants"; Bits & Pieces, always in the giving spirit, offers readers a way to help a homeless hooker at the holidays; and Beaver Hunt unwraps the boxes of the country's finest babes. HUSTLER's Holiday Issue contains all eye-pleasing ingredients to make this your best XXXmas ever.

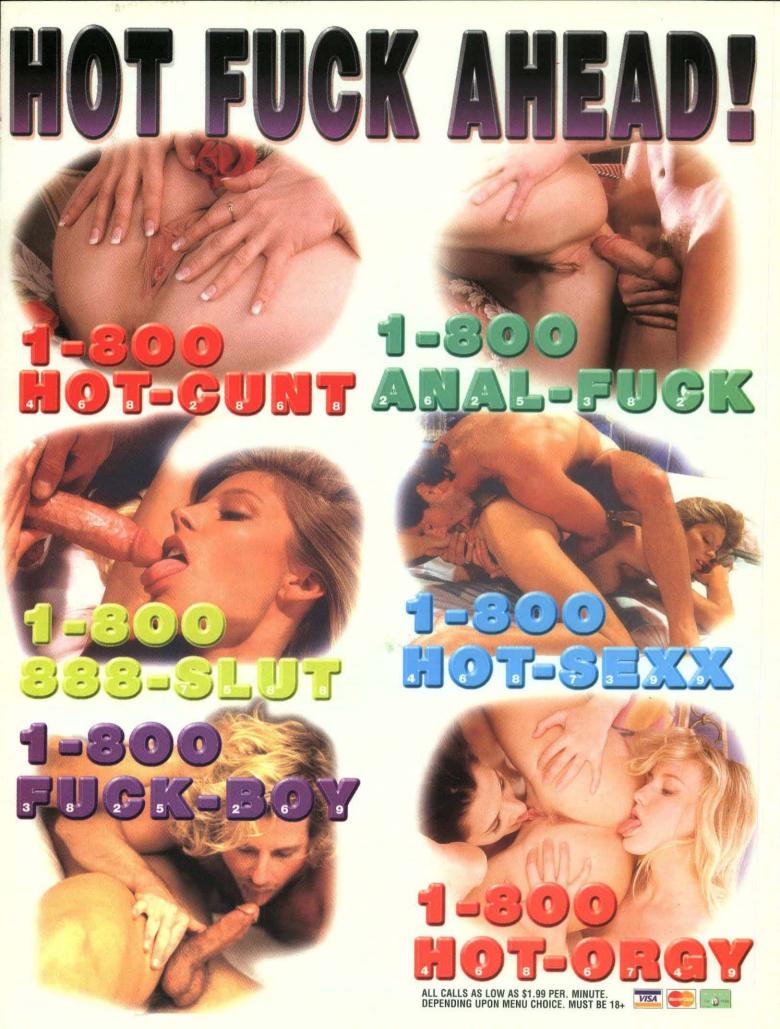
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